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THURSDAY, AUGUST 4, 1960

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H.M. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, who is sixty today: a photograph to mark the event taken at Clarence House: with Her Majesty is her corgi, Billy

One-Party Democracy in West Africa The Old Western Gunfighter By Peter Worsley

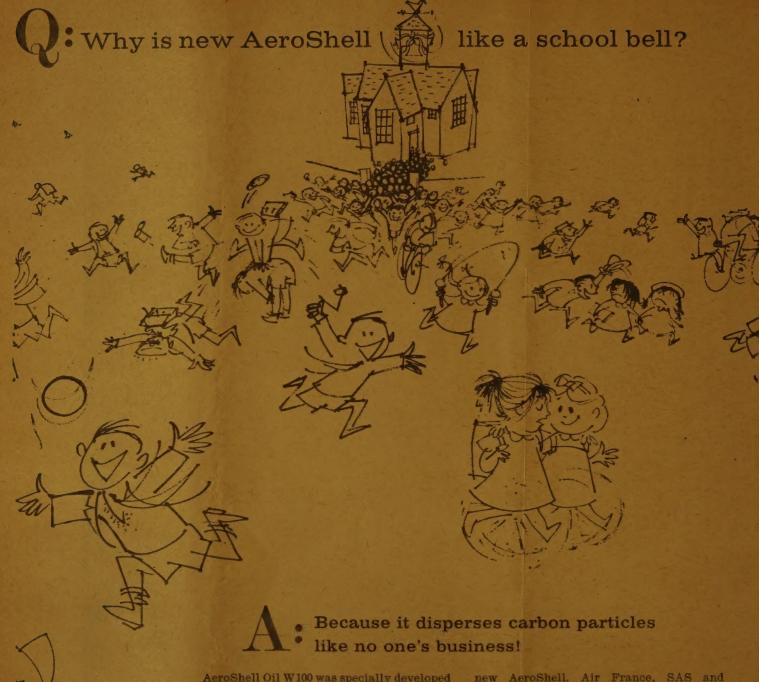
> John Crowe Ransom By Graham Hough

The Worship of God By D. Winton Thomas

By Colin W. Rickards

Genes and Atoms By F. H. C. Crick, F.R.S.

Wagner, Schönberg, and Freud By Wilfrid Mellers



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However, the non-ash dispersant additive in new AeroShell now keeps these particles in harmless suspension. Result-cleaner engines, less wear, less time lost in maintenance, more time gained and money earned in the air. Pratt & Whitney approve new AeroShell. Air France, SAS and Deutsche Lufthansa use it.

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* Despite the jets, there are still over 5,000 piston-engined airliners about; all very much hardworked.

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The Listener

Vol. LXIV. No. 1636

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One-Party Democracy

PETER WORSLEY on the pattern of power in West Africa

CCRA is built on a plain. It is not enlivened by hills and promontories, nor confused by the tropical lagoons and islands which give such visual interest, and practical chaos, to Lagos or many other towns of the West African coast. So if one visits Accra one can see quickly and clearly the way in which the buildings for the new society are bursting upwards out of the old. This was my first impression of the capital of Ghana—colourful contemporary skyscrapers (or so they seem), towering above the bungalows, slums, offices, markets, and small shops of the colonial era.

The most striking trio of tall buildings is made up of the new headquarters of Dr. Nkrumah's Convention People's Party—the C.P.P.—flanked by the Ghana T.U.C. Workers' College and the building of the United Ghana Farmers' Council, These buildings not only symbolize but also embody the central role of the C.P.P. in Ghanaian life. They indicate the way in which the party, the growing trade union movement, and the organization of the farmers, are being welded together to form an extremely strong, well-co-ordinated social and political force. Not far away the enormous and palatial Ambassador Hotel gives another crisis to the skyline. Here one can spend in a day what few Ghanaians could earn in a month.

It is true, naturally, that wealthy Ghanaians do not actually live there; but its lavish foyer and restaurant are good places from which to observe the new élite, and so, I imagine, will be the new Casino in Accra, of which membership is to be confined to those with an income of over £1,500 a year.

I have drawn some façades from the skyline of Accra, I want now to get behind them. Many people are alarmed by the pattern

of one-party control and of a rising, wealthy political élite in the new West African states today, whether formerly British or formerly French. One often hears it said that the outgoing colonialists appear to have transferred the government of these countries to leaders who have proved too autocratic, or too ambitious, or too immature, or too Red-or too African-to preserve the spirit of democracy, even where they have preserved the letter, the paraphernalia, of the ballot-box, and so on. There is a concentration of power in the ruling parties, and to this fact they pin the rider that from now on the vast masses of the people in the regions of Nigeria, in Ghana, Ivory Coast, Guinea, Senegal, and elsewhere, are at the mercy of the rich and clever; even that peace and stability in Africa—or the world—are similarly in jeopardy. In Britain, especially, we have such an antipathy to oneparty systems of government that we somewhat paradoxically regard a strong opposition as one of the greatest guarantees of a nation's political stability, and a fundamental check upon tendencies to despotism.

Desirable as such safeguards may be, they are impossible to wish into existence in these African countries. The process of achieving national independence there has been totally unlike the historical and social processes by which we have evolved our insti-tutions, and therefore our particular conceptions of democracy. It is foolish to suppose that we could graft on to any colony a political system which would retain its familiar shape in complete unresponsiveness to entirely different social realities; or even to imagine that those social realities are like enough to our own class system to make it possible to judge developments in Africa by our

parochial yardsticks.

Consider the position of Dr. Kwame Nkrumah when he was released from James Fort Prison in 1950 to become Leader of Government Business in the then Gold Coast. He was returned as member for Accra Central with a vast majority: out of over 23,000 votes, only some 300 were against him. But elsewhere there was an active opposition of no mean size. It was concentrated in Ashanti, a region of high tradition, and, moreover, the region in which most of Ghana's cocoa is grown.

Prosperity and Discontent

I should like to emphasize that the reign of C.P.P. has been associated with an era of prosperity—measured by African standards—and Ghana's prosperity has largely been based on the sale of cocoa in the world market. So part of the income from the cocoa sales was held back from the farmers who produced it in order to finance development, to build schools and roads, to install light and water in the villages. I have no doubt that any other government aiming at expansion would have done the same. But the farmers were inevitably none too pleased. The opposition, therefore, had support from a discontented peasantry who could also be induced to respond to the traditionalist appeal of Ashanti regional solidarity. On the other hand, the Government was able to accuse them of dividing the country at a time when national solidarity was essential.

We must remember that Ghana is the result of some lines on the map drawn by rival colonial Powers in the last century. Such arbitrary creations of nineteenth-century horse-trading, therefore, are liable to fly apart into regional ethnic, economic, or other components once the overall colonial apparatus is lifted, as we can see at this very moment in the ex-Belgian Congo. Political victory over the Ashanti-based opposition was therefore crucial to Nkrumah; and it was achieved not without considerable dips into violence on both sides. Dr. Nkrumah's hand was strengthened because the opposition placed so much of their emphasis on the preservation of traditional institutions, particularly chieftancy, which he was easily able to represent as inappropriate to a modern society. Today, the number of opposition M.P.s has been reduced to a handful: three crossed the floor in one week while I was recently there. In the Accra Municipal Council elections this year, twenty-four of the twenty-seven seats were won by C.P.P. candidates; and right up in the north, in Tamale Urban Council thirteen out of fourteen.

Ghana has had, on the whole, a bad world press. There has been much criticism, in particular, of the Preventive Detention Act. Critical journalists have also been deported. Some commentators conclude that the crumbling of opposition is entirely due to people's fear of preventive detention. But the factors promoting the success of the C.P.P. lie far deeper than this alone. Nor can these measures merely be put down to some personal dictatorial urge of Dr. Nkrumah's, or to African inability to operate democratic institutions. That there is a 'cult of personality' built around Dr. Nkrumah is obvious enough. We do not yet refer to Mr. Macmillan as 'The Saviour' or 'The Torch'. But this style of publicity is normal in Ghana and the C.P.P. uses it very effectively in its powerful daily and evening newspapers. The wide support for the C.P.P. has also been enhanced by the failure of the Opposition to present any coherent alternative.

Centralized Control

All these pressures towards the emergence of one single dominant party would have been strong enough under most conditions of political climate; they have been intensified a hundredfold by the fact that Ghana, unlike some countries now receiving independence, had to struggle for it. In this struggle, slight enough when compared with India or Algeria, but great in comparison with Tanganyika or Nigeria, all Ghanaians were thrown together. Trade unionists and farmers, co-operators and business men, were united around the objective of independence. The growing together of party, trade unions, co-operative movement and farmers' organization was natural enough under these circumstances. But it has also been deliberately fostered as a matter of policy. And in order to develop the economy, continued centralized control is needed. After a time, it becomes difficult to discover not only where the party ends and the state begins, but

even what the independent role of the trade unions consists in. John K. Tettegah, former Secretary-General of the Ghanian T.U.C., said:

In the minds of the Ghana Labour movement there are not two parties in Ghana today. There is only the C.P.P. . . . The C.P.P. is Ghana and Ghana is the C.P.P.

He went further, after enjoining on all trade unionists the duty of voting for a Republic and for Dr. Nkrumah as its President:

We shall analyse the votes ward by ward, and we shall know the places where people have refused to go and vote, and they can be sure we can take the necessary action against those traitors of our cause.

The hold of the C.P.P., one would have thought, is strong enough, for good reasons; but the sense of urgency and compul-

sion, the oratory of national crisis, dies hard.

In underdeveloped countries like Ghana, too, the state plays an especially important role in all spheres of life. A recent social survey shows that in Accra, Government and the Municipal Council provided the greatest number of jobs: 13,500 jobs in government service alone compared with only 3,000 employees of the largest private employer, the United Africa Company. So whether one is a dockworker looking for a job, or a business man seeking government contracts, one thinks twice about expressing open political opposition.

The New Elite

What about the Ambassador Hotel, the Casino, the new élite? In other countries, including our own, we have seen revolutions occur when new rising classes have grown up and come into conflict with existing power-wielders. This classic situation has often arisen when a new bourgeoisie has clashed with, and eventually overcome, a landed aristocracy, and then taken power itself. But in Ghana the people who took power represented no such economic class: they were members of a political party that drew support from all social strata, united by determination upon self-government. It is true that Ghana is a capitalist country, but the indigenous capitalists in Ghana are relatively few and unimportant, and mostly operate on a very small scale. This is also true of most West African countries, which are poor countries. Economic power in Ghana is still concentrated principally in the hands of foreign companies, but increasingly, now, in the hands of the state also. So, far from having a situation in which a class possessing economic power has given rise to a party wielding political power, instead party loyalty gives access to wealth.

The latent power of foreign companies is considerable, and sets limits of which Governments have to take account. But, paradoxically, while enterprise in Ghana is still dominantly conducted by private, usually foreign, capital, there are many features which bring to mind the classic analyses of Soviet society by Trotsky, Deutscher, and others, analyses of a society where private capital has been eliminated. For, despite their economic power, direct political intervention in Ghanaian affairs would be a dangerous thing for any foreign firm operating in Ghana to attempt. Pride in national independence, Pan-African sentiment, and the nominal commitment of the C.P.P. to some undefined kind of socialism make that impossible, Ghanaian political affairs are therefore run by Ghanaians, and private capital, indigenous or foreign, has limited political influence. I believe that only one of the West African countries showing this pattern has adopted it as a matter of conscious policy, modelling itself on the Soviet system, and that is Guinea.

Soviet system, and that is Guinea.

When Guinea said 'No' to De Gaulle, she chose an instant and full independence. In retaliation, France at first left Guinea to bleed to death economically. She did not—largely because of Ghanaian and Soviet aid. Today, with many Soviet, Chinese, and Czech technicians giving assistance, she is developing a 'People's Democracy' on the African mainland, under the leadership of the very remarkable Sekou Touré. Sekou Touré has developed a most sophisticated blend of French Cartesian rationalism, Soviet Marxism, and Pan-Africanism, to form a consistent rationale of the new Africa. Ghana, the inheritor of English hand-to-mouth political empiricism, has no such theory. These differences reflect the tremendous importance of cultural inheritance.

But whatever the differences, a similar end-product in the form of the one-party monolithic state is the result, even, as in Ghana, within the constitutional framework of a western-type parliamentary democracy. It was, I believe, John Pierpont Morgan who remarked of the Sherman Trust Act directed against monopolies 'Huh! They can't make me do business against myself! 'In many colonial countries, the movement for independence generates one powerful, immensely popular, dominant party. Where social differentiation has not yet proceeded far, there is no strongly independent capitalist class to act politically. Entrepreneurs depend upon government favour. As trade unions or farmers' organizations form, they often become built into the party machine, or are even formed by the machine. The younger generation is then trained by the party and provides the administrative officials who consolidate the régime.

There are considerable dangers for the future of democracy here. Intelligent nationalists like Mr. Julius Nyerere of Tanganyika, who are concerned about this problem, are perfectly clear-eyed about it. In the newly independent countries, he has written, 'it is most unlikely that there will be a two-party system for many years—it will be a long time before any issues arise in the new countries on which it will be possible to build a real opposition organization. This will eventually happen, and it will be brought about by a split in the nationalist organizations'.

It might do us some good to realize that though these problems are most noticeable in ex-colonial Africa at the moment, they are not peculiarly African. Professor Brough Macpherson's classic study of the Social Credit Party in Alberta, Democracy in Alberta, is an example. That Canadian province was overwhelmingly inhabited by small wheat-growers who suffered severely during the inter-war depression, and who felt, like Africans in the colonies, that they were being exploited by big financial interests in the remote cities. As a result a highly radical party was thrown up which swept the polls so completely that, in effect, only one party remained. Yet the parliamentary framework also remained, so that Professor Macpherson has described the end-product as a 'quasi-party system'. This was in the heart of Canada, not Africa, and Social Credit, although changed, is still in power in Alberta.

It will take many years before Mr. Nyerere's prophecy of the emergence of effective centres of opposition comes true. But Ghana is not a dictatorship. Significantly, despite an overall vote



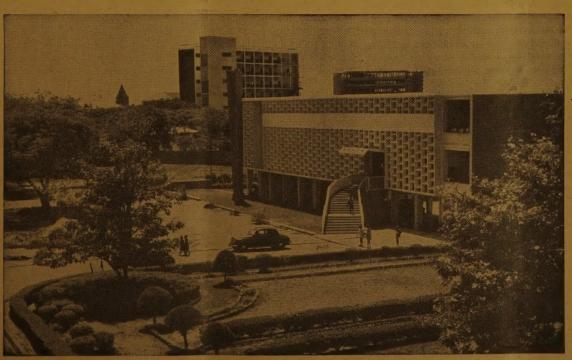
Dr. Nkrumah, preceded by a sword-bearer, walking in procession to the National Assembly in Accra on July 4 to open the first session of Ghana's Parliament since she became a republic

of at least seven to one in favour of Dr. Nkrumah in the recent referendum over the Republic and the Presidency, in the capital of Accra he only succeeded in obtaining fewer than two votes to one. Yet nearly every tree, lamp-post, motor car, door, and wall that I saw was plastered with C.P.P. stickers. Plainly, inarticulate opposition is there. The official opposition, the United Party, undoubtedly contains capable and honest men, but lacks any effective alternative policy. But there are debates, there are Royal Commissions, one can speak one's mind. If official opposition does get eroded away to nothing, then we will see the emergence of groupings representing rival interests within the dominant party itself, as is the case in the contemporary Soviet.

Mr. Mboya and Mr. Nyerere, who are concerned about this problem of democracy, have often been denounced by rival African political leaders as mere puppets of the West. I think this view is profoundly mistaken, as mistaken as that of Mr. Khrushchev, who thinks that in Sekou Touré he has at last found an African ally in the Cold War. I think he is wrong because Sekou

Touré, like other African leaders, places the future of Africa above the wranglings of Europe. 'The major division in the world today, Sekou Touré has said, 'is not between East and West, but between the underdeveloped and developed countries of the world'.

It is not enough to castigate the new countries for intolerance, or for failure to imitate western Europe as if Africans were making intellectual errors of policy and choice. The lines of choice are for them fairly narrowly drawn. Tendencies such as I have described are built into the social structure of the emergent countries of Africa; they are not due either to political immaturity or to blindness .- Third Programme



Modern buildings in Accra, capital of Ghana: in the foreground is the Central Library

A Fair Trial for an Old Lag

By R. N. GOODERSON

HERE is one branch of the law in action in every court every day, the law of evidence. Basically it is judge-made, common law. One of its traditional principles is that an accused with a bad criminal record must be tried only for the particular offence with which he is charged, and no reference must be made to his previous misdoings. I am going to discuss inroads on this principle made by Parliament in the Criminal Evidence Act, 1898.

The Accused and the Witness-Box

The object of this Act, a salutary one, was to enable the accused to give sworn evidence in any criminal case, if he so desired. At common law, the accused was excluded from the witness-box. This was a mixed blessing, at any rate for the innocent, though this very exclusion did confer on him one unmitigated blessing, namely, exemption from any form of interrogation. Compare the lot of the ordinary witness, who has to face cross-examination. Now that the right to give evidence was to be conferred upon the accused by statute, was it to entail the usual consequence? Cross-examination of an ordinary witness is not confined to the facts in issue, but extends to his credit, his bad character, and his criminal convictions, which if denied may be proved to establish his unreliability. If an accused were so cross-examined there would be a head-on collision with the cherished common law principle that the accused's misspent past, though known to the judge, should be studiously kept from the jury, lest it lead them to prejudge the question of the accused's guilt of the particular offence charged.

Parliament in 1898 adopted a compromise, whereby the accused could be cross-examined as to the facts in issue, but, except in four cases, he was to be immune from cross-examination as to credit. I want to discuss two of these four exceptional cases. These two cases are, in the words of the statute, where the accused has 'personally or by his advocate asked questions of the witnesses for the prosecution with a view to establish his own good character, or has given evidence of his good character, or the nature or conduct of the defence is such as to involve imputations on the character of the prosecutor or the witnesses for the prosecution '1. These two exceptions seem at first sight reasonable enough. As to the first, it is the accused's completely free choice whether he produces evidence about his own good character. If he lays claim to good character, surely the whole story as to his character should come out. Why should he be allowed to sail under false colours? As to the second, if he attacks the character of a Crown witness, why should his own character not be attacked? That seems merely tit for tat. Surely what I may call the false

colours exception and the tit-for-tat exception seem fair enough. Experience has shown, however, that there are some situations where a rigid application of the exceptions would jeopardize a fair trial, and I want to deal with the two most important cases of this. The first situation may arise under either exception, the second only under the tit-for-tat exception.

The first situation is illustrated by two decisions on the false colours exception that if the accused puts his character in issue, his whole character is in issue. Thus in 1939 Winfield², a canvasser, was charged with indecent assault on a police officer's wife. He called a defence witness, a woman, to speak to his exemplary behaviour towards ladies. He chose to give evidence himself, and was cross-examined as to previous convictions for larceny. Again in 1955 a motorist was charged with being drunk in charge of a car. He testified that he had had no motoring convictions over a long period, and he was cross-examined regarding a previous conviction for dishonesty³. In both cases the cross-examination was held to be proper. When the main question related to the canvasser's chastity on the one hand and the motorist's sobriety on the other, it hardly seems playing the game

to permit the prosecution to prove that canvasser and motorist were light-fingered, especially since the accused who wishes to plead his good character must confine himself to traits of character relevant to the offence charged. Evidence of past misdeeds showing conduct reprehensible, but irrelevant to the crime charged, is calculated to create damning prejudice in the minds of the jury: a sneak thief may honour both the Highway Code and Caesar's wife. The same problem may arise if the prosecution invoke the tit-for-tat exception, and cross-examine the accused as to a previous conviction for cruelty to animals when he is facing a charge of, say, forgery.

The second situation fraught with danger to a fair trial arises only under the tit-for-tat exception, where the imputation on the prosecution witness is an integral part of the defence. The classic example is the defence of consent to a charge of rape. Such a defence inevitably imputes unchastity to the prosecutrix. Is the

character of the accused therefore open to attack?

To obviate the difficulty of preserving fair play that there would be if the letter of the exceptions were rigidly adhered to, the judges have tried three remedies. The first, applicable only to the tit-for-tat exception, is to refuse to treat an accused who makes no imputations except those demanded by the necessities of the defence, as having thereby exposed his character to scrutiny. The second and third remedies apply to both exceptions. The second is to vest in the trial judge a discretion to disallow cross-examination as to credit, even though the plain words of the statute justify this; and the third is for the trial judge to warn the jury that the evidence of bad character is no proof of the guilt of the accused, but merely casts doubt upon the truth of his own testimony.

Only One Case of Immunity

As for the first device to secure fair play, the accused is given greater latitude in making imputations necessary to develop his defence, without exposing his own character to scrutiny, in Scotland than in England. English courts admit only one case of immunity: on a charge of rape, the accused may plead consent of the prosecutrix, even coupled with an allegation that it was she who made the first advances, without fear of retaliation by the prosecution upon his character⁴. Between 1898 and 1912 there were conflicting English decisions, some treating questions put to Crown witnesses as not bringing the tit-for-tat exception into play, if they were only to elicit what occurred when the crime charged was actually being committed. But in 1912 a full Court of Criminal Appeal of five judges, instead of the usual three, an indication of the importance of the occasion, refused to recognize any such general principle, holding that a defence that it was the prosecution witnesses who committed the crime was an imputation on their characters⁵.

Last year another full court again refused to acknowledge any such general principle in the case of $Cook^6$. Two months ago, this view was confirmed by a court of three judges in Brown's $Case^7$. Brown, a passenger in a car which collided with a van, was charged with inflicting grievous bodily harm on the van driver in an ensuing fracas. The passenger pleaded self-defence, that the van driver was drunk, the aggressor, and that his driving was disgraceful. The court held that the nature of the passenger's defence entitled the prosecution to invoke the tit-for-tat exception, and to cross-examine him about a previous conviction of violence. By contrast, the Scottish High Court of Justiciary, in the case of O'Hara in 1948, on similar facts, quashed a conviction for assaulting a policeman, on the ground that the accused's plea of self-defence and that the policeman was drunk and the aggressor did not expose him to cross-examination as to previous convictions for assault³. The Scottish court, in so interpreting the Act of 1898, relied on the general principle found in some English cases

¹61 and 62 Vict. c. 36, s.I, proviso (f) (ii). ²(1939) 4 All E.R. 164 (C.C.A.). ³County of London Sessions, cited by Professor J. C. Smith in (1955) Crim. Law Rev. 217. ⁴R. v. Turner (1944) K.B. 463 (C.C.A.). ⁵R. v. Hudson (1912) 2 K.B. 464. ⁶(1959) 2 Q.B. 340. ⁷(1960) 124 J.P. Rev. 356 (C.C.A.). ⁵1948 S.C. (J.) 90.

before 1912. This question has not yet been considered in the House of Lords, the ultimate court of appeal for both England and Scotland, though the system of courts and the law of the two countries are basically different. This highest court may accept the view once held in England, but now retained as a general principle only in Scotland, that the accused may cast imputations with impunity, if he is seeking only to establish his version of what actually took place when the crime was being committed.

Cook's Case

In England, as I have said, a full Court of Criminal Appeal last year in Cook's Case scouted the idea of any general dispensation based on defence necessity, but they nevertheless did adopt a second remedy to protect the accused, and one with far-reaching implications, the discretion to be exercised by the trial judge whether to refuse to allow the accused to be cross-examined to credit. Cook was charged with obtaining a car by false pretences. He had confessed to the police out of court. A police witness was proving this. Cook cross-examined him, suggesting that the confession had been procured by a threat that if he did not confess his wife would also be charged. The judge treated this as an imputation of improper conduct against a prosecution witness, for a confession obtained by such a threat is inadmissible in evidence, as the police well know. When Cook gave evidence, the prosecution was therefore permitted to prove his previous convictions for dishonesty. The appellate court held that the judge should have warned Cook of the danger of cross-examining the policeman as to character. Had Cook nevertheless persisted in his questions, the judge still had a discretion whether to allow evidence of Cook's bad character, and where, as in this case, the evidence was of little weight, but highly prejudicial to a fair trial, it should have been excluded. In view of the judge's failure to give any warning or to exercise his discretion to disallow, the court would have quashed the conviction had not the other evidence against Cook been overwhelming.

This theory of a judge's discretion to reject evidence, even though it is technically admissible, if it is of little weight but highly prejudicial to the accused, was first propounded in a House of Lords case in 1914, in which their Lordships quashed a conviction because the trial judge failed to exercise this discretion. The idea has since been gaining ground. It is a welcome development, introducing a valuable flexibility, which is more important than certainty in the law of evidence. But Cook's Case represents a high-water mark of the doctrine of discretion. Originally it was the judges who created the law of evidence, though Parliament intervenes from time to time. What is so striking is that in this matter Parliament had intervened, and declared evidence of the bad character of the accused admissible in certain specific circumstances. According to Cook's Case, even though such circumstances have arisen, the judge can and must exercise his discretion, and reject the evidence if unduly prejudicial. Judges are bound to apply the law as enacted by Parliament. They have no power to dispense with laws. Yet in the interests of fair play, they have arrogated to themselves this power.

Steinie Morrison's Conviction

As already mentioned, a third device to give some protection to the accused, applicable to either exception, is for the judge to direct the jury that evidence of the accused's bad character is evidence only that he is not a person to be believed on his oath, and must not be regarded as indicating propensity to crime. Darling J. used this device at the trial of Steinie Morrison, a Russian Jew, who was charged with the murder of another of the same community on Clapham Common in the small hours of New Year's Day 1911. There was a broadcast on this case in the series 'The Verdict of the Court' in the Home Service last January. Lord Birkett in his postscript said that from the tenor of his summing up, Darling J. seemed to expect an acquittal, and did not express his agreement with the ultimate verdict of guilty.

Why was Morrison convicted? I think the jury were prejudiced against him. Morrison insisted that his counsel should cross-examine a prosecution witness to try to prove that she kept a house of ill fame. Counsel pressed his questions, despite a warning from the judge about the tit-for-tat exception. The outcome was

that Morrison was cross-examined to prove his previous convictions for burglary, though none of them involved violence, while the murder in question was a brutal one.

The problem was like that of the dishonest accused now faced with a charge of sexual misbehaviour, or driving a car while intoxicated, but there was a complication. Morrison pleaded an alibi. He was asleep in his lodgings, and his landlord had bolted the door with a noisy shrieking bolt. The prosecution used the convictions as having a material bearing on this fact in issue. They argued that a professional burglar would choose lodgings where the door was not bolted, or his professional skill would enable him to draw the bolt silently.

Darling J. summed up to the jury in these words: 'The only use to be made of these previous convictions is to show that when you have to rely upon Morrison's word as contradicting something stated by somebody else . . . you have only the word of a man whose past career has been what you know it to have been "10. So far so good. This warning would help the jury to discard prejudice, and to concentrate on the vital issues before them, but the judge went on to stress the importance of the previous convictions in relation to the alibi pleaded. This would nullify the effect of the original warning, making it probable that the jury would use the previous convictions not merely to rebut the alibi, but as positive proof of guilt. At best the distinction between evidence of guilt and evidence of credibility is a fine one, and the warning must be given in clear and unequivocal terms, or a jury in the grip of prejudice will be apt to ignore it. In 1956 the Court of Criminal Appeal did affirm a conviction where the judge had made no attempt to explain the distinction, seemingly on the assumption that if the distinction was anything more than a theoretical one, juries would draw it for themselves 11, but it would be a miracle if they did.

A Proper Exercise of Discretion

A recent case where the judge might well have drawn this distinction is that of Morris in 1959¹². He was charged with having sexual intercourse with his eleven-year-old stepdaughter. She gave evidence, and was cross-examined as to stealing from school, having intercourse with a boy, and keeping bad company. The child was below the age of consent, and the questions were simply directed against her credibility as a witness. Her mother was also cross-examined to credit as to being caught in adultery flagrante delicto. The judge allowed the stepfather to be crossexamined regarding a previous conviction for dishonesty, under the tit-for-tat exception. The appellate court held that this was a proper exercise of discretion to admit the evidence. It was clearly not a case for the complete exclusion of the previous conviction by wielding the discretionary power, nor were the imputations on mother and daughter necessary for the development of the defence; yet a warning that the previous conviction could not logically tend to prove the guilt of the stepfather, but only his unreliability as a witness, would have helped the jury to see the evidence in perspective.

In conclusion, the three curbs on prejudice that I have discussed, which the courts have contrived to read into the 1898 Act to ensure a fair trial, are of varying importance. Two of them play a limited role. The plea of defence necessity as justifying imputations has been accepted only on charges of rape, at any rate in England. Again, judges rarely warn the jury to distinguish between evidence to prove guilt, and evidence to impair credibility. But the third remedy of discretion to reject evidence of little weight that is highly prejudicial to the accused could have an important future, extending far beyond the scope of my subject here. The law of evidence is overburdened with exclusionary rules, which make it difficult to tell a plain tale in court. Most of these rules were formulated with an excellent motive, often to protect the accused, but some of them have probably outlived their usefulness. Now that the judges have assumed power to reject evidence declared admissible by statute, if it is unduly prejudicial to the accused, Parliament can be bolder in abolishing common law rules of exclusion in criminal cases, secure in the knowledge that if experience shows that their abrogation at times lets in evidence incompatible with a fair trial, the trial judge can be relied upon to exercise his discretion to exclude the evidence, and protect the accused from prejudice.—Third Programme

The Listener

BRITISH BROADCASTING CORPORATION, LONDON, ENGLAND, 1960

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Wild Over the West

OWADAYS one has to be pretty politic over what one says about 'Westerns', although they have been going for a long time. In a talk which we publish on another page on 'The Western Gunfighter' Colin Rickards states that the first 'Western' film was made in 1903. The days of the silent movies in the 'twenties were a wonderful era of cowboy films-William S. Hart, Tom Mix, and Douglas Fairbanks Senior were among the 'stars' of those distant days and nobody thought then that they were morally debasing. Their adventures were particularly suitable to the dumb actors and the tinkling pianos which accompanied them. When the 'Westerns', after suffering a temporary setback, received a new lease of life, first in 'talking pictures' and then upon the television screens, it was discovered that the heroes riding their horses into the purple sunsets or toting their guns in the saloon bars still necessarily had to remain fairly silent. A talkative cowboy somehow appeared to be a contradiction in terms. And as G. K. Chesterton once remarked, a strong, silent man is usually silent because he has nothing to say.

Many efforts have been made to 'debunk' the cowboy or the gunfighter, but yet he retains his eternal appeal to those of us whose lives are glued to typewriters and who rarely become dangerous except when driving motor-cars. It is of course saddening to be informed that 'the average cowboy was no gunman' and that he carried a pistol to protect himself from snakes. Or, again, that the 'badman' seldom drank and rarely smoked and made a practice of killing his victims by shooting them in the back. But that is how things are: the romantic lover later divorces his wife, the professional funny man is a bore at the dinner table, the angelic philosopher loses his temper along with his collar stud. It is a chastening thought that there is scarcely one of the Great Victorians who basked in evangelical moralities who has not now been exposed as living a private life filled with perversions or secret self-indulgences. As one grows older, one discovers that the world lives upside down; but when we were young we liked it to be simple and even thought that it was so.

And so it can be argued that even the modern 'Westerns', generally more sophisticated than those of forty years ago, are not always as black as they are painted. Maybe they are 'cathartic'; in any case, as the recent committee writing on 'Children and Television Programmes' pointed out: 'Criticism' that 'has been levelled most commonly against the Western... might equally be raised against the filmed series based on the activities of present-day police squads', etc. Mr. Tom Driberg observes in The New Statesman that Dickens could be horrific, while 'Bronco' is often kind to Indians. The children today, poor mites, have been born into a world of nuclear war-heads, and even the most conscientious parent finds it difficult to prevent them from ransacking the bookshops for war stories. Compared with an age in which the inhabited globe may be blown to pieces by pressing a button, the Western frontier attracts us as a haven of civilized security.

What They Are Saying

The Cabinet and the Convention

THE CABINET CHANGES in Britain have been variously commented on by radio stations and newspapers of different countries. A broadcaster on the Polish home service, discussing the choice of Lord Home to be Foreign Secretary, said:

The greatest sensation has been caused by the appointment of Lord Home to the Foreign Office. Apparently Macmillan expects that, because of the U.S. presidential elections, there will be no essential East-West talks before next spring. The appointment of Lord Home would be of a temporary nature and would enable Macmillan next year to appoint a new Minister who could come out with a new initiative.

The Polish commentator considered that, although potentially the Chancellor of the Exchequer might become Prime Minister, in the case of Selwyn Lloyd such a possibility did not arise.

In France the independent newspaper Le Monde considered that the new British Cabinet might be more favourable to a rapprochement with the Continent. Le Monde wrote:

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, a pro-European, replaces, at the Treasury, a Chancellor of the Exchequer who was hostile to Britain's entry into a European economic system. Mr. Peter Thorneycroft returns to the Cabinet. During his two years out of power he had advocated an accommodation with the Six. Finally, Mr. Duncan Sandys, the most openly European member of the Cabinet, goes to the Commonwealth Relations Office, the traditional citadel of the advocates of economic reliance on the Empire.

An American newspaper, The Washington Post, took a similar view of the implications of the Cabinet changes. Lord Home's appointment, said the journal, apparently meant that Mr. Macmillan himself would still assume the major responsibility in foreign affairs, and The Washington Post added:

As an old if wearying champion of European unity the Prime Minister may yet see that Britain's main chance is slipping away and that only a bold break with the past can open the door to a brighter future.

Moscow radio broadcast widely, in foreign language transmissions, an attack on the foreign policy sections of the American Republican Party's election programme and on the Party convention in Chicago at which Mr. Nixon was nominated for President:

The leaders of the Republican Party, defying common sense and reality, intend to continue their adventurist foreign policy. They set the tone for all the speeches held at the Congress in Chicago, rattled their swords and, with open cynicism, threatened the Soviet Union and the other peace-loving countries with the unsurpassed nuclear might of the United States. The Congress of the Republican Party in Chicago should be called the congress of the most rabid advocates of the cold war.

It is interesting to compare these communist views on the U.S. Republicans with an earlier broadcast by the East German home service which commented on Senator Kennedy's nomination as Democratic presidential candidate:

Kennedy and his closest advisers, under the pressure of public opinion, and as a result of a somewhat more realistic assessment of the world situation, are slowly reaching the conclusion that there is no alternative to peaceful coexistence and peaceful competition. The election programme and the speech do not contain anything about a 'policy of strength' or about the military 'liberation' of the socialist countries. In his speech Kennedy avoided sharp attacks on the Soviet leaders.

Transmissions from China have reported that a modern drama and opera festival on contemporary themes was held recently by thirteen Shanghai drama and opera companies. All twenty-eight items had dealt with the technical revolution movement, with the development of urban people's communes and with the struggle against American imperialism. Nearly every opera form, said the broadcasts, was now used to present contemporary themes on the new life of the people and on the sweeping changes, thus enriching traditional Chinese opera so that it plays a bigger role in serving the people.

-Based on information collected by the B.B.C. Monitoring Service

DERRICK SINGTON

Did You Hear That?

A ROYAL BIRTHDAY

Anyone can open a new building, or unveil a statue, or launch a ship—now that the arrangements for hitting the ship with the bottle are virtually foolproof', said John Sherwood in a talk in the European Services. 'Not everyone, though, could go on performing these duties for as long as the Queen Mother has, yet bring to each occasion a freshness and warmth that make it clear that for her this is not just one more routine engagement, with a set speech to be delivered and a new group of rather overawed and tongue-tied people to be chatted to till they begin to thaw. Whatever the occasion—under a trying African sun, or on a dull day in a prosaic London suburb—she is soon doing far more than convention demands to help the occasion along and make it a success. To use the word "charm" suggests that unfair "switch-on" quality which enables some people to cheat their way through life. The Queen Mother has enormous charm but mainly, one feels, as a by-product of a genuine and eager interest in life in general and in people as individuals.

In such an exalted case, clues to the more intimate traits of personality are rare. We know that the Queen Mother collects modern pictures with a discriminating eye. When she sends a piece of china or silver to a loan exhibition or charity auction it is usually something unfussy and distinguished, chosen by a connoisseur whose taste even in antiques is very much of today. We hear occasionally of someone far removed from the royal circle who has written a thoughtful book or launched a novel idea, and has subsequently been invited to a searching and well-informed discussion over a quiet but royal cup of tea. We know, through published extracts from the personal papers of two sovereigns, what an inexhaustible source of strength and support King George VI found in his wife before and during an anxious reign. We remember her courage during the war-time bombing of London. No wonder that there is much gratitude in the nation's heartfelt good wishes to her on her sixtieth birthday'.

THE ARTIST SPEAKS

'I lived and painted for the best part of eleven years in this mining village of Ystradgynlais in South Wales', said JOSEF HERMAN in 'The Artist Speaks' (B.B.C. Television Service). 'A stranger is soon noticed in a small village. At the beginning, some

people there thought I must be either very rich or slightly mad, for obviously I had no "job" there and did not come from the area. This may seem an odd place for an artist to have chosen to live in and to paint. A coalfield makes an odd landscape, and a mining village leaves little to the imagination. But I found my kind of interest there.

'It is in the silhouettes of working people that I have

Josef Herman, as seen in 'The Artist Speaks', sketching at the coalface in a pit in South Wales—

felt the very force of our human destiny, bound as it is to labour. So that painting a picture of, let us say, a tired peasant, or a tired miner, became a quest to produce an image of acceptance of all tiredness of men who know that to survive they have to work. Ystradgynlais, this mining village, impressed me first with its simplicity—a landscape that is most impressive under a veil of thin rain and is most radiant at eventide. At the beginning, I wandered for weeks on the hills, in the little streets, looking at the landscape, looking at walls and at men, at pits from afar and near, drawing and talking to miners on the surface and underground, at work and at rest, studying their movements and their appearance.

More recently I have travelled, and I have spent six months in southern Spain. My pictures may not make people want to go there. They are not meant to. Wherever I go I see men not against their history but against a serene mountain, a sullen or warm sky, against sand or rock or sea. I see them not as examples relating to dead monuments, but as living in the aura of real atmospheres. They open up a trail of ideas, gentle assertions,

generalities true to any place and to any humanity, but which started within one reality

and in one place.

The notes and sketches made during the few months in Spain gave me enough material for several years painting. I find it necessary to distinguish between drawing and designing. Design establishes a pattern, but drawing is a more complex language of ideas. By ideas I mean the clarification of ways of doing things by means of form. Drawing is therefore a way of synthesizing. The pen-and-wash technique I use is for this end. The drawing that interests me is the one where the image is concentrated within the realms of stability; where slight shifts of bodily attitudes are the great events, having a purposeful sameness, not unlike seasons in nature. What for me makes a drawing is not the absence of colour but its graphic fullness. I often feel that a happily applied wash has all the colour and all the radiance imagination can wish for.

'Art is part of the general battle of ideas, and so in certain nineteenth-century paintings we find artists seeing and understanding some fundamental human values behind ordinary people and what the poet Whitman called "our heroic everyday". There is a side to life that no amount of "culture" can talk itself out of. To



-and his oil painting, 'Miners on the Surface'

Prinate collection

me the really significant thing about art since the nineteenth century is that the poetry of the everyday came into the fore not as in the past, a casual subject, but as a way of establishing the modern view of life. It often happens in history that our hearts are ahead of our feet.

'I like to think out a painting slowly, in stages of gradual enrichment. I begin in a detached way, and let the excitement

come with the hours or days of work. Colour, as I understand it, is not a calculated explanation of a pictorial problem, either purely decorative or purely structural. It is accidentally both. But first of all it is a poetic emphasis, rich and mysterious, emphatic only as an emotion, as a lyrical surface of an expression. Thus painting is always a creative search, and a hazard of lucky findings. The artist has only one object, to make the pigments speak his mind. He manipulates pigments until they are charged with his emotions. I am frightened of the word method, for it suggests something that



'Spanish Peasants and Oxen': pen and wash drawing by Josef Herman Collection of Dr. H. Roland

can be concocted at will. But some order I dare say I do follow. My painting is at heart serious. I am more interested in moral than in aesthetic values. Painting is for me a kind of rhetoric, a way of addressing. The people I paint are linked with reality as symbols. I never forgot something I read when I was a boy. Edvard Munch, the painter I admired, wrote of his work: "I will paint a series of pictures in which people will have to recognize the holy element, and bare their heads before it as though in church".

GETTING THERE QUIETLY

In 'Frankly Speaking' (Home Service) DAME FLORA ROBSON talked with John Freeman and Philip HOPE-Wallace. The following is part of their conversation.

Philip Hope-Wallace: When you are suddenly asked to take on a great Ibsen or Shakespeare part, how do you go at it? Do you go at it giving it all you've got emotionally?

Dame Flora: I strain myself at rehearsals, and then try to find places to relax; but before going on the stage, when it is in a long run, I am not nervous any more. I find I have to work myself up for something. Kean used to take hold of the iron ladder at the side of the stage and shake it; grip some-thing very hard and shake the thing. That makes one's blood run all over, wakes one up and sharpens up the brain. Then I relax, I loosen myself up and go on to the stage relaxed, but all my blood is running right down to my fingertips. I always work my hands before I go on the stage—I go on relaxed, then my hands do the work themselves.



Dame Flora Robson as Mrs. Alving in Ibsen's Ghosts at the Old Vic in 1958 Angus McBean

But one cannot just be relaxed, because that means one is not making any effort. I think one has to have all one's engines running. It is the difference between a Rolls Royce and a taxi. A Rolls Royce has powerful engines and yet it seems not to be making any effort as it sails down the road very quietly. And you see a poor little taxi haring down the road; you would think it was doing sixty miles an hour, and it isn't really—it is only

doing about twenty-five. You think: Oh! this is much too fast; it'll run into something. The taxi is making an awful lot of effort and not getting anywhere; the Rolls has everything going inside, smoothly oiled and running, and getting there very quietly, relaxed.

John Freeman: How much do you depend on stimulation from an audience in any particular performance? Does your performance vary a good deal from night to night?

Dame Flora: Yes, it varies with the audience. The bones of it are the same; what is different is the amount of inspiration.

Freeman: Tell us

from your side of the footlights what you expect us to do as an audience? I mean, we laugh, we clap; what do you want us to do?

Dame Flora: It is odd that audiences all behave the same. I suddenly think 'This audience isn't liking us very much tonight, nobody is laughing'. And I believe a lot is to do with the weather. If it is wet, nobody laughs easily. Another night everybody laughs. Is it just one or two people who start them off?

Hope-Wallace: I think it is.

Dame Flora: When you feel that response, you give more. Hope-Wallace: Do you think people are losing this nowadays? They sit in front of unresponsive cinema and television

screens, where their reaction does not

Dame Flora: No; the only thing that happens sometimes is that when people see things on a screen they are apt to talk aloud. I know that when Shakespearean plays are toured and acted for children, they sometimes have to be told they must not talk.

Hope-Wallace: At children's plays you hear children chattering like starlings all the time.

Dame Flora: I went to Peter Pan and the children were standing up and saying, 'Oh, it's the little maid'. They don't know they are talking aloud, and sometimes one thinks they are not paying any attention. I saw Toad of Toad Hall, and the children were standing up and pointing things out. And then, suddenly, the Mole turned and made a little aside to them, and all those children, who looked as if they were not even listening, laughed at the same time. It was just a child's joke that we would not understand, but they did'.

The Sacrificial Society

The Worship of God

By D. WINTON THOMAS

In accordance with ancient oriental practice he removed large numbers of the conquered Jews to Babylon, there to join their countrymen who had been deported ten years earlier. The Jews who were taken into exile in 587 B.C. were the flower of the land, those whom Jeremiah called 'very good figs, like the figs that are first ripe'. With the capture of Jerusalem the political independence which Judah had enjoyed for more than four centuries was at an end, and her incorporation into the Babylonian empire marked the close of an era and the beginning of a new one, which was to be of profound significance for the development of the religion of the Jews and in due course of Christianity also. Nebuchadrezzar's victory could easily have resulted in the final dissolution of the Jews. In fact it was the exile that saved them. In Babylon the creative genius of the people of Israel attained full growth, issuing in new creations of mind and spirit. The most significant of these were the emergence of ethical monotheism explicitly formulated for the first time in history, and the corollary to this, the conception of Israel's missionary vocation to spread the knowledge of the one true God in the heathen world.

Outlook Transformed

The changed conditions in which the exiles in Babylon found themselves transformed their religious outlook. In Palestine, whence they had been uprooted, the sacrificial system of the time touched the people very nearly, and this not only in the sphere of worship proper. It affected too their everyday life in innumerable ways. No meat, for example, was ever eaten unless some part of the animal had first been offered to Jehovah as his due. Not until the first-fruits had in some form been offered to him was bread ever eaten. And gifts that were thought due to him were made to him at the beginning of feasts. Religion was in fact the essential condition of their life. The well-being of their society depended upon the observance of an annual rhythm of religious duties, and they found much joy in it. Indeed it would not be too much to say that the modern distinction between the religious and secular is one which they would have found it difficult, even impossible, to draw.

All their religious life was centred on Jehovah, their national god, who was thought of in the same sense that Chemosh and Milcom were thought of as the national gods of Moab and Ammon respectively. He had power over the land of Israel—nowhere else. He could not be worshipped anywhere else. Their attitude of mind is well exemplified in the case of Naaman who, wishing to worship Jehovah in Syria, took with him to that country some of the soil of Palestine. Soil and god were, in his mind, as in the mind of his contemporaries generally, bound up intimately together, and the presence of the one guaranteed the presence of the other. Jehovah could, then, not be present with his people in Babylon. Babylon, outside the sphere of Jehovah's domain, was an unclean land, and residence there was for the Jews spiritual death. 'How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?' asks the psalmist.

This was the problem uppermost in the minds of the exiles—how could they now worship Jehovah, cut off as they were from his and their land, and from the temple, his home? A re-thinking of their religious situation, of how to live a life of non-sacrificial worship, was forced upon them; and certain aspects of their religious life came to receive a new emphasis—the rite of circumcision, the keeping of feasts, and sabbath observance, for example. In these weekly sabbath meetings for worship, priests and prophets would probably have played some part, and portions of scripture will have been read, more especially perhaps of the prophets, who

had warned their countrymen of their sure fate if they were disloyal to Jehovah, and also of Deuteronomy, a prophetic reinterpretation of the older law. Prayers, too, would probably have been said, and there may have been some singing. In all this we may see the beginnings of the later liturgy of the synagogue. In the new situation then, men, acutely conscious of their sins, were finding new ways to offer their worship to their god.

The Last Great Old Testament Prophet

How to worship Jehovah in a foreign land was not the only question to which the exiles needed to find an answer. There was another, more baffling one. The Babylonian gods had defeated Jehovah, their national god, in battle. Jehovah's prestige had suffered a grievous setback. Was he not able to protect his own people? Was he not able after all to save his temple, his own home, from ruin? This second question reflected a special perplexity in the Jewish mind, for the belief that the temple was inviolable ranked almost as a dogma. Many Jews, not finding an answer to these questions, no doubt succumbed to the numerous temptations to idolatry which Babylon offered. But at this critical moment appeared the last of the great Old Testament prophets, a religious genius, and an outstanding Hebrew poet, to answer their doubts. His real name is unknown. He is known conventionally as the Second Isaiah.

This great prophet of the exile lived some time between 546 and 538 B.C., and he wrote chapters xl-lv of the book of Isaiah. The Babylonian gods, he declared, are merely man made. There is one god only, Jehovah, whom they had long known, but had thought of only in national terms. They are mistaken in thinking of Jehovah as resident and effective only in Palestine. He is everywhere, Babylon included. He it is who created the world and rules it. In his hand lies the destiny of the whole world. To speak of his defeat by the gods of Babylon is completely to misunderstand. On the contrary, it is by his will that Palestine has fallen into enemy hands and his people been exiled. It is his just punishment for their disloyalty to him. 'Before me there was no God formed, neither shall there be after me. I, even I, am the Lord; and beside me there is no saviour'. So writes the prophet. And again, 'I am the Lord, and there is none else; beside me there is no God'. Here monotheism receives for the first time its explicit formulation. There is here present both the affirmation of belief in one god and also the denial that other gods exist. From this time onwards, the middle of the sixth century B.C. Judaism became once and for all a monotheistic faith, and Christianity in its turn built its own monotheistic faith upon Jewish monotheism.

An Implicit Monotheism

The prophets of the eighth and seventh centuries B.C. had indeed proclaimed the ethical character of Jehovah—his justice, love, and holiness, and the obligation laid by him upon his worshippers to act justly one to the other, to love each other, and to adopt a holy way of living. It is true also that their language from time to time seems to imply a disbelief in the existence of other gods but Jehovah, and to claim for Jehovah something like world power and the use by him of other nations as his instruments. Yet, after all, theirs was only an implicit monotheism. Nowhere do they clearly state a monotheistic belief. The formulation of it had to wait for the special circumstances of the exile and for the religious insight and power of definition possessed by the prophet of the exile. The prophet did not discover ethical monotheism: what he did was to draw out the full implications of the teaching of his predecessors, and to express them succinctly in a form of words which, by their clarity,

power, and pathos can still move us deeply today, two and a half millennia after they were first uttered.

Many centuries before the prophet, monotheistic tendencies can be traced elsewhere in the ancient Near East. Round about 1400 B.C. such tendencies are discernible in Babylon and Egypt, at a time which we may roughly call the Mosaic age. In the case of Babylon, there are traces of practical monotheism, as it has been described. That is to say, the gods and goddesses lost their separate theological existence and were all incorporated into one deity. In Egypt the reform of the Pharaoh Amenophis IV, known as Ikhnaton, by which the sun-disk Aton became the only god, brought about what has been called a true solar monotheism. Compare these earlier so-called monotheisms with the ethical monotheism of the Old Testament and one sees the difference. They were ineffective and they died away. They offered no inspiration to new movements of thought or to better conduct. The ethical monotheism of the Old Testament did just this. It had within it the vitality to live on and to inspire men with new thoughts, and it provided a new spur to finer living.

Israel's Divine Mission-

The challenge of the teaching of the prophet of the exile to current conceptions about God contained within it inevitable conclusions. Our chief concern now is with the idea of God's universal sway, and the part which Israel was called upon to play in the dissemination of the true faith. If was clear to the prophet that, if there is only one God, then he must be the God of all peoples everywhere. He saw too that Israel, the chosen of God, must not keep selfishly to herself those blessings which God, in his election of her, had bestowed upon her, but that it must be her vocation to share them with all men: 'Unto me every knee shall bow, every tongue shall swear'-so he writes in xlv 23. And again: 'I, the Lord . . . will keep thee, and give thee for a covenant of the people, for a light of the Gentiles; to open the blind eyes, to bring out the prisoners from the dungeon, and them that sit in darkness out of the prison house'. Israel has a divinely appointed mission to the world, and in the four so-called Servant Songs, which are embedded at different points in the writings of the prophet, we are shown how the mission is to be accomplished. The figure of the Servant may be interpreted both individually, of a person, and collectively, of the nation Israel, now one, now the other, an oscillation which the Semitic conception of corporate personality allows. The Servant is to be the missionary of Israel's monotheistic faith to the world. He is to be 'a light to the Gentiles, that thou mayest be my salvation unto the end of the earth'. The Servant's task embraces not only foreign nations, but his own people too-those members of Israel who yet need to be brought to God. How is his task to be accomplished?

-and the Price of its Accomplishment

In the prophet's answer to this question the Old Testament reaches its greatest spiritual heights. The election of Israel and her vocation to spread her faith conferred on her no special prestige. Not from a position of superiority or privilege is she to make her evangelistic appeal to the nations: quite the contrary. Dishonour, suffering, death—this is the price of the Servant's successful accomplishment of his mission. The Servant speaks: 'I gave my back to the smiters, and my cheeks to them that plucked off the hair; I hid not my face from shame and spitting'. The Servant 'was despised and kept aloof from men'; he was 'a man of sorrows, and humbled by sickness'. Men hid their faces from him and he was lightly esteemed. Yet the speaker of the fourth song, who represents the gentiles, can recognize the vicarious nature of the Servant's sufferings: 'Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows... he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed'. The Servant went to his death in silence—'as a lamb that is led to the slaughter, and as a sheep that before her shearers is dumb'. And when he offers himself in compensation for his people's sins, the poet uses the word āshām a technical term from the Hebrew sacrificial vocabulary.

In place of an animal slain, in whom there was no physical blemish, and slain unwillingly, the Servant, in whom there was no

moral blemish, goes of his own will to his undeserved fate, and by so doing offers men the possibility of righteousness through his own righteousness: 'Of the travail of his soul shall the righteous have his fill; he shall be sated with his humiliation; my servant shall make many to be accounted righteous'. In the wake of monotheism has come the conception of the redeeming power of suffering and death. The conception of sacrifice we meet with here transcends anything previously known in the sacrificial sphere in the Old Testament.

The conquest of Babylon by Cyrus in 539 B.C. was the prelude to the return to Palestine of those exiles who wished to do so, and they brought with them the rich spiritual fruits of their exilic experiences to reinvigorate the attenuated religious life of those who had remained in Palestine. Those who returned were conscious that expiation for their people's sins had been made. I have blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy transgressions, and, as a cloud, thy sins; return unto me; for I have redeemed thee'. So the prophet of the exile comforted them. The community in Palestine had a fresh chance given to it. But it was low both in material and spiritual resources, and it is hardly surprising that the prophet's lofty teaching was slow to make real impact.

The Christian Inheritors

The history of Hebrew religion shows no steady line of uninterrupted progress. It shows recessions as well as advances. It could sink to a low ebb, and in the post-exilic period it sank very low indeed. The book of Malachi shows us that in his day even the priests had become bored with the ritual of the temple. The books of Nehemiah and Ezra too reveal a depressing situation. In them the community is seen turning its back, in self-defence as they thought, on the mission to the world which the prophet of the exile had seen to be the duty of Israel to undertake, and shielding itself from the heathen by erecting a wall of separation between themselves and those whose unclean contact they feared. Yet the brightness of the prophet's vision shone here and there. In the book of Job, for example, monotheism is taken for granted, and the problem of suffering freely debated. And in the books of Jonah and Ruth we see a breaking through of the wall of post-exilic particularism to a more universalistic outlook. But in Judaism the vision and the call of the prophet found no fulfilment. The Jews did not become missionaries of their monotheistic faith. It was left to Christianity to enter into the Jewish heritage and to spread the universal gospel, with its authoritative ethical demands upon men everywhere.

The Semitic conception of corporate personality is a fluid one, and allows swift transition from one to the many and from the many to one, in a way that is remote from our way of thinking. The individual and collective interpretations of the Suffering Servant need not then be thought of as contraries. The Suffering Servant is now the people Israel, now an individual. Nationally and individually, Israel is called to give itself as a vicarious sacrifice, so that her restoration may follow and her glorious future be assured. Israel is to redeem Israel first, then the world. So will the Servant's mission be fulfilled and God's will for Israel and the heathen be done. Again the prophet speaks: 'And I have put my words in thy mouth, and have covered thee in the shadow of mine hand, that I may stretch forth the heavens, and lay the foundations of the earth, and say unto Zion, Thou art my people'. 'My people'—the community of Israel, in all its imperfection, in all its humiliation and suffering, is truly the people of God, the Servant of the Lord, destined through sacrifice to call her own, and after them the wider world, to a knowledge of and obedience to the faith of the one true God.—Third Programme

Hugh Sykes Davies's *The Poets and Their Critics*, Vol. I, Chaucer to Collins (Hutchinson, 13s. 6d.), originally appeared as a Penguin during the war and speedily vanished from circulation. Its reappearance, in hardback form, has long been overdue. It reprints some of the more important critical pronouncements on some of the major English poets, and is the sort of reference book which every student will find invaluable. Mr. Sykes Davies has drawn upon a wide variety of critical comment from the fifteenth century onwards, but the absence of an index of the critics quoted is a serious omission and will no doubt be remedied in a second edition.

The Old Western Gunfighter

By COLIN W. RICKARDS

T is high noon. The streets of the dusty western town are deserted. Fearful eyes watch from the windows of the saloons. And in the street stand two men, the hero and the villain, hands poised over guns. The villain draws—but the hero is a fraction of a second faster and gets his man. The undertakers move in. This scene has been played out a thousand times since 1903 when the first 'western' film was made; and every week television gives nearly ten hours to these sagas of the western sagebrush.

But is all this a figment of Hollywood cinema script-men? The answer is no. The west was wild; lawmen did shoot it out with bandits; and out of this period a legend was born. The era of the gunfighter, the gunman, the badman-call him what you will-lasted roughly from 1866 to 1900. But the majority of the killing was done from, say, 1870 to 1895. Between these years 20,000 men died of gunshot wounds. Few of the badmen were actual westerners. They came from all parts of the United States. Billy the Kid and Tom Smith from New York; Wild Bill Hickok from Illinois; Clay Allison from Tennessee; Bat Masterson from Iowa.

The situation that made their exploits possible arose like this: When the American Civil War ended in 1865 thousands of young men returned home to find that economic conditions had wor-

sened. They drifted west-mostly to Texas. There, during the five years of war, cattle had run wild on the ranges and waited collection by the man with enough guts to take a rope and a branding iron into the brush, collect a herd, and take it up the trail to the cattle shipping points of Kansas.

It was really in Kansas that the gunman was born. The average cowboy was no gunman. He carried a pistol to protect himself from snakes and mad cattle on the trail, and to use for shooting up the trail towns when he went on a spree with three months' wages in his pocket. The outlaw carried a gun, but he used it only in robberies or in resisting arrest. He was not out to create a reputation as a badman. That brought too much publicity. The outlaw would ride quietly into a town, hold up the bank and gallop off.

Often he would only have to draw his gun to frighten the bankers. If he could possibly avoid gun-play, he would. An outlaw killed only to protect himself from death or

The badman, however, was of another sort. He was a man who perhaps had killed a man in a brawl or in self-defence and had been acquitted. But he had seen a fellow man die at his hand: he had the power of life and death. And he liked it. To build a reputation as a dangerous man this psychopath would kill anyone, perhaps even a total stranger, provid-ing he could provoke his opponent into going for his gun first, in front of a crowd and preferably on the street. Then he could claim self-



A scene from Warlock, a 'Western' film: Clay Blaisedell, hired to 'clean up' the town, faces the trouble-makers—two cowboys—in the deserted street

defence. Hence the two men, each waiting for the other to draw. But a reputation as a fast man with a gun had its problems. One was that other badmen would sometimes ride a hundred miles to try to kill a man with a big reputation. It was rather like playing conkers—the game where the conker that breaks one that has broken ten others takes on its reputation, plus its own score. So it was with the badman. If a man with three kills to his record killed a man with five to his, the killer's reputation was more than doubled. Bob Ford killed his cousin Jesse James for the reward money and the reputation it would give him. But ten years later Ford was killed by a man who simply wanted to be known as the man who killed the man who killed Jesse James'

The badman often became a lawman, for many badmen realized that killing would

eventually send them to the gallows. They knew that the only way to kill and stay clear of the noose was to do it in the name of the law, from behind the cover of a badge. Often towns plagued by bad-men would hire a man with a bigger reputation than most as their lawmen. His reputation alone could keep a town peaceful. Sometimes a badman would become a bounty hunter, a man who would track down an outlaw for the money on his head: a psychopath prepared to stake his life against another man for the sake of the reward and the thrill of killing. Badmen were often employed by big cattle companies to exterminate small ranchers who became a nuisance. Anybody



The Dodge City Peace Commission of 1883. Left to right, standing: W. H. Harris, Luke Short, Bat Masterson; seated: Charles Frank McLean, and Neil Brown

who has seen a few westerns has a picture in his mind of the

typical gunman. What was he like in life?

He seldom drank—it affected his reflexes—rarely smoked, and never let a man stand behind him. He oiled his gun and practised his draw before he left his home or hotel room in the morning. And he walked with an awareness of danger ever present. Usually he walked in the centre of the street, for that, he hoped, would give him a split-second warning of an assassin lurking in an alley.

The professional gunman could be tall or short, fat or thin, well dressed or shabby. But common to them all were three things: their walk—slow, measured and cat-like; their hands—carefully treated, unblistered by manual work, often manicured; and their eyes—usually blue (all of the 'great' gunfighters were blue- or grey-eyed men) and hard; 'killers' eyes', men called them.

With the coming of the metallic cartridge and Colt's famous 'Peacemaker', the gunman came into his eyen. No longer were

'Peacemaker', the gunman came into his own. No longer was loading a gun a long business involving black powder, a lead

bullet, and a cap which might misfire if exposed to a heavy dew. It was safe, for a metal cartridge did not get wet. Reloading was quickjust shuck out the old cartridge and put in another. The Colt six-shooter carried by the ever-vigilant gunman never had six shots in the chambers: only five. Because the gun had no safety catch, and a careless knock of the gun hammer in the holster might send a bullet crashing into the

wearer's foot.
The 'Peacemaker' — sometimes
called the 'Equalizer'—was a singleaction pistol. This meant that to fire it the man had to cock the hammer back with his thumb and then pull the trigger with his forefinger. But the experienced gunman would tie the trigger back and allow the weight of the cocked hammer to fire the pistol. The most usual draw, the one seen on most western films, was from the open-topped holster hanging at

the gunman's side and tied down to his thigh. To reach the gun it was only necessary to drop the hand to the butt, hook the finger through the trigger guard, and lift the gun from the holster. As it came up the gunman curled his thumb round the hammer and cocked it back, and as he lined the gun up on his target he slipped his thumb from the hammer and let it fall. If he was lucky he was faster, or more accurate, than the man he was shooting at.

Most of the western lawmen and gunfighters used this method of drawing but some had their own variations, some original, some copied from men they had seen in action. Wild Bill Hickok's method was unique. He carried his pistols tucked into a sash or belt round his waist with the butts of the guns pointing forward. When Hickok drew, he turned his hands inwards and gripped the butts, slipping his thumbs on to the hammers as he did so. As his wrists flicked forward again the guns came free of the sash and their own weight cocked them ready to fire. This was called the 'twist draw'. Hickok, dangerous killer that he was, was never beaten to the draw and killed about twenty-five men during his career as a lawman.

Another version was the cross draw. This meant that the pistol hung on the left side of the body with the butt forward ready to be gripped with the right hand. Commodore Perry Owens, one of Arizona's greatest and most successful lawmen, used this method of draw. Long-haired Jim Courtright, a Texas badman who was killed in a gunfight, had up till that time always found his method successful. Like Hickok, Jim Courtright favoured the twist draw but instead of Hickok's sash, Courtright

favoured holsters with the butts of his guns facing to the front.

There were others, too. John Wesley Hardin carried his pistols under his arms in the shoulder holsters that were later to become popular in Chicago. Texas lawman Dallas Stroudenmire had his guns in his hip pockets which he had specially lined with leather.

One Texas gambler carried only a tiny hideout pistol suspended from his shoulder by a piece of elastic which ran down his sleeve. When the gambler walked normally or was dealing cards the elastic kept the gun out of sight up his sleeve. At the first sign of trouble the seemingly unarmed man would jerk his arm downwards and the elastic would stretch just enough to drop the gun into his ready hand.

Few gunmen carried two guns, for few were ambidextrous shooters. Wyatt Earp, who saw more gunplay than most men on the frontier, said that two guns were only a useful means of one man playing his hand out against several. They were a show of force. Earp talked a lot about the 'border shift' which involved tossing an empty right-hand gun to the left hand at the same time as tossing the full left-hand gun to the right hand. You had to be expert to make this work and not have both guns collide in mid-air. But, as Earp said sardonically, 'If a man was that good, he seldom needed a second gun anyway

Wild Bill Hickok, c. 1871

But there were a few gunmen who could shoot equally well with either hand and they were greatly in demand as peace officers. Wild Bill Hickok was a legend for his ambidextrous marksmanship. Once he put ten bullets into a foot-high circle more than a hundred yards away, firing his guns alternately. Burt Alvord, lawman and then an outlaw, could also shoot well with both hands. Earp, who favoured a reasonably swift draw followed by an accurately placed shot, was a great debunker of 'grandstanding', as he called showing off with guns. He would cite examples that he had seen where a man got his gun out and his bullet fired so fast that he missed several times, while his adversary, a fraction of a second slower on the draw, who took another fraction longer to fire, got his enemy with the first shot.

It is difficult to estimate how fast the old-time gunmen were on the draw. However, using an electronic timer Ed McGivern in Montana in 1934 drew his gun and then put five shots into a man-sized target all in one and three-fifths of a second. And later, he drew and put one shot into the target in one quarter of a second. Fanning a gun—that is, brushing the left hand across the hammer at high speed and emptying all five chambers—was effective as a method of clearing a room. This could be done in one and one-fifth of a second. But it lost all attempts at accuracy. A great deal has been written about men with a notch carved on the gun butt for every man they killed. This is rubbish. The gunman's tool of trade was his perfectly balanced pistol. To notch it would have destroyed the balance and the comfortable feel of the walnut butt in the palm of the hand.

The old stand-by in western films comes when the hero and the villain face each other in the empty street and walk down it, the hero waiting for the villain to make the first move. However, if two men were out to kill each other, the one with the slightest advantage usually used it to the full. But sometimes well-known gunmen did warn each other that they would meet on the main street and shoot it out. Wyatt Earp's own brother Morgan, later assassinated in Tombstone, faced it out with Billy Brooks, a big reputation gunman, this way. Brooks was fast but Morgan followed his brother Wyatt's advice, and although he was hit in the

shoulder managed to finish Brooks with one bullet.

Discussing the so-called Code of the West with regard to gunfighting and shooting in the back, Emmett Dalton, then the only survivor of the infamous Dalton Brothers, outlaws and robbers, once said: 'The old fashioned badman never shot his man in the back. When he came a' smoking it was face to face with his challenger'. But Jesse James, Wild Bill Hickok, Ben Thompson, Morgan Earp, King Fisher and John Wesley Hardin, knew differently. They all made the mistake of turning their backs on an enemy and died with a bullet between their shoulder blades.

Marvell of the Deep South

GRAHAM HOUGH on the American poet John Crowe Ransom

HE traffic in poetry across the Atlantic is a capricious affair, and sometimes that which offers the greatest promise of pleasure and acceptance does not come over as abundantly as it should. I think this has been so with the poetry of John Crowe Ransom, which is not as familiar in England as it ought to be. Of all the American poets of this century he is one of the most accessible to English readers, and opens the prospect of most immediate delight. This is probably because he is one of the least cosmopolitan; he has written most securely out of his own background. This is a usual state of things in English poetry; much less so in what has come to us from America. The background is a Southern one in this case. But it is the sense of being rooted in a society, not in this particular society, that makes Ransom's poetry at first sight familiar and accessible. And this is a sense we can get equally in the poetry coming from the very different worlds of Hardy or Robert Frost.

The Use of a Sophisticated Diction

I talk about a world and a society because much of the poetry of our time has not properly sprung from either. It has come from libraries and academies. But poetry like Ransom's comes from a world which besides symbols and metaphysics contains aunts, hens, lovers, neighbours, little girls, and familiar places; and it naturally looks different from poetry that comes out of rooms furnished only with anxiety and technique. But we are beginning to sound too cosy. Before going any farther there are qualifications to be made. The contrast is not between the literary and the unliterary poet, for Ransom is acutely aware of the English tradition of poetic speech, and shows an unparalleled tact in working that awareness. A poem whose occasion seems to be one of the familiar domestic pieties gains half its depth and vibrancy from the use of a learned and oddly sophisticated diction, that sets the ordinary scene at a distance and shows it in the perspective of centuries.

There are two things to be said about this adroit and accomplished use of a poetic diction, diction that is at the same time learned and colloquial, familiar, yet delicately allusive and self-conscious. The first is that it has been far more successfully practised by American poets in this century than by English ones. And this is odd. The general standard of verbal accomplishment in American life is, I should say, considerably lower than in English; but in poetry, outside the great achieved successes, it is the English writer who is apt to look like a bucolic stammerer, at best succeeding by piping his native wood-notes wild; it is the American who seems in sure command of his linguistic effects.

The second thing to say is that there are two ways of using this kind of accomplishment. One is that of pastiche and allusion, not employed constantly, but variably to suit the occasion. It is the method of Eliot's earlier verse—full of echoes, and very much dependent on the echoes being picked up. This—is not Ransom's way. He uses a diction that is fairly constant in most of his poems, a little old-fashioned, a tinge of archaism, quite deliberately present, yet always living, slightly unexpected, always the accent of a singular and attractive speaking voice. By this means he creates a poetic personality for himself that speaks in all his poems, unassertively but very individually, and with much charm. I would risk a guess that this poetic personality is fairly close to the actual historical personality of John Crowe Ransom. Of this I cannot properly speak; and in any case we are forbidden to speak of it. One of Ransom's best-known critical essays—an essay in which practically all the ascertainable facts are wrong and the conclusion beautifully right—is called 'A Poem Nearly Anonymous'. The poem is Milton's 'Lycidas', and the point of the argument is how completely the poet has disappeared behind the work. It would seem that in Ransom's view

this is at it should be; if hereafter I speak of the person revealed by the poems it is to this poetic personality that I refer.

One of the ways of achieving a balance between a scholarly poetic tradition and familiar current actuality is to re-engage, quite consciously and deliberately, one of the archetypal lyric themes with a distinctly modern situation. Let me find an example: it is a poem called 'Blue Girls'.*

Twirling your blue skirts, travelling the sward Under the towers of your seminary, Go listen to your teachers old and contrary Without believing a word.

Tie the white fillets then about your hair And think no more of what will come to pass Than bluebirds that go walking on the grass And chattering on the air.

Practise your beauty, blue girls, before it fail; And I will cry with my loud lips and publish Beauty which all our power shall never establish, It is so frail.

For I could tell you a story which is true; I know a lady with a terrible tongue, Blear eyes fallen from blue, All her perfections tarnished—yet it is not long Since she was lovelier than any of you.

This is on a very old lyric theme; it is in Horace and Catullus, in the 'Coy Mistress', 'Gather Ye Rosebuds', and 'Go Lovely Rose'; the theme of transience of beauty and the necessity to enjoy it while you may. But the blue girls are modern co-eds from some neighbouring school or college; and this is perhaps the only time that they have been celebrated in such courtly fashion. And what makes this small poem more than merely charming (which it obviously is) is that modernity and the lingering hint of the seventeenth-century lyric, the actuality and the removed contemplative quality given by long perspective have an equal right to be present. They combine to form a new whole.

Courtliness and Gallantry

The courtliness is in all Ransom's poetry. There is a feeling of that Southern gentility and gallantry that we of the outer dark have experienced only in novels. Here is the only poet that I can think of since the seventeenth century who can unaffectedly refer to the women in his poems as ladies. He can write of the conflict between love and honour. In John Ransom's world love still exists, and it is love of the old kind, the kind that has traditionally been celebrated in the poetry of Europe since the thirteenth century—possibly a torment, possibly an exaltation, but always shaded and modulated by delicacies and reserves. The lovers in one of the best of these poems, 'The Equilibrists', achieve such a perfect balance between passion that invites and honour that forbids that they can neither part nor come together; and after death they can belong neither to Heaven nor Hell:

In Heaven you have heard no marriage is, No white flesh tinder to your lecheries, Your male and female tissue sweetly shaped Sublimed away, and furious blood escaped.

Great lovers lie in Hell, the stubborn ones Infatuate of the flesh upon the bones; Stuprate, they rend each other when they kiss, The pieces kiss again, no end to this.

But still I watched them spinning, orbited nice.
Their flames were not more radiant than their ice.
I dug in the quiet earth and wrought the tomb
And made these lines to memorise their doom:

Epitaph
Equilibrists lie here; stranger, tread light;
Close, but untouching in each other's sight;
Mouldered the lips and ashy the tall skull.
Let them lie perilous and beautiful.

Those lovers as well as being beautiful are absurd, in their inability to obey the spirit or the flesh. They recall Dante's trimmers, who were neither for God nor against Him. Yet that comparison is wrong, for the trimmers are a slack ignoble race, and the hopeless balancing act of these lovers is something passionate. In the end it is of Paolo and Francesca that they remind us, whirled in their eternal orbit through the second circle of Hell.

It may seem inappropriate enough to bring Dante into the neighbourhood of a purely lyric poet who works only on the smallest scale. But what I want to do is to show that Ransom's reserve and understatement, the deliberately restricted scope of his verse, do not forbid access to the region of passion and judgment. On the contrary, they often invite it. Small-scale poetry, then, which is never trivial: it can suggest, without directly handling, the great themes. Ransom's irony is not of the nervously evasive kind, of which we have had too much in modern poetry; it is something steady, which enables him to look firmly at a scene and see it with two visions at the same time—the pathetic and the absurd, the childish and the gravely adult, the personal and the social. He is a moving poet not because he shares unreservedly the emotions he presents but because he penetrates them without wholly sharing them, preserving his detachment and his own point of view. He can take the risk of dealing with a subject that is obviously and in itself moving, as in his poems on the deaths of children. I should like to take the unconventional elegy 'Dead Boy' as an example:

The little cousin is dead, by foul subtraction, A green bough from Virginia's aged tree, And none of the county kin like the transaction, Nor some of the world of outer dark, like me.

A boy not beautiful, nor good, nor clever, A black cloud full of storms too hot for keeping, A sword beneath his mother's heart—yet never Woman bewept her babe as this is weeping.

A pig with a pasty face, so I had said, Squealing for cookies, kinned by poor pretense With a noble house. But the little man quite dead, I see the forebears' antique lineaments.

The elder men have strode by the box of death To the wide flag porch, and muttering low send round The bruit of the day. O friendly waste of breath! Their hearts are hurt with a deep dynastic wound.

He was pale and little, the foolish neighbors say; The first-fruits, saith the Preacher, the Lord hath taken; But this was the old tree's late branch wrenched away, Grieving the sapless limbs, the shorn and shaken.

A Comparison with Bridges

If we compare this with a good but a much more predictable poem, say Bridges's 'On a Dead Child', we can see how much of the effect is gained by a singularly honest recognition of mixed feelings and varied response. First, the intrinsic pathos of the situation, something that we cannot separate from the idea of the death of a child. The pathos is saved from generalized sentimentality by the recognition that this was a child of no particular beauty or charm; the sadness is still just the same. It is experienced by the speaker without direct involvement; he is not one of the family, he is one of the world of outer dark. 'Outer dark' because the family is one of those noble houses of Virginia, entirely enclosed in its own dynastic pretensions, from which the speaker delicately and not unaffectionately dissociates himself. And now this becomes the theme of the last part of the poem. More comprehensive than the individual death there is the old family in decay, from which the last hope of continuance has been removed.

This is not a young man's poetry. The grave recognition of the complex, and the ability to fuse it into a single impression of perfect simpleness, is a gift of maturity. Ransom has published three volumes of verse and one volume of Selected Poems, which is in effect collected poems, for they are all that he wishes to preserve. There are only about forty pieces in the collection, and with, to my taste, about three exceptions they are all perfectly achieved. Ransom was born in Tennessee in 1888 and educated at Vanderbilt University at Nashville in his own state. He then went to Oxford as a Rhodes scholar, passing from what he feels to be an old culture to a much older one. On his return he was associated with the Fugitives, that distinguished group of Southern writers to which Allen Tate and Robert Penn Warren also belonged.

Southerners and Fugitives

Their ideals were agrarian and local. They were opposed to 'abstract-minded and sharp-witted societies', and believed that the imaginative life must rise out of a definite social tradition. Deeply critical of much in their own Southern culture, they still espoused its old grievance against the commercial North, and there is a strong vein of anti-industrial romanticism in their manifestos, They took their stand on ideals that were deeply rooted and firmly held; but for all their opposition to the sharp-witted Yankee there were some very sharp-witted men among them, and it is hard to believe that they can ever have thought their cause would actually prevail. But what is socially a lost cause can be imaginatively life-giving; and the fact that the cause is lost can be very much part of the myth. Southerners and fugitives from the technological juggernaut are saved from the most contemptible of ideological vices—the need always to be on the winning side. But they can fall into another more venial one—the romanticizing of defeat. Ransom does not fall into it; his maturity and sanity save him from that.

Probably Ransom's most celebrated poem is 'Captain Carpenter', and it will illustrate the point well. It is a mockballad, about a Don Quixote-like figure who rides out and meets every conceivable misadventure, loses every serviceable part of his anatomy in one combat after another, till he has nothing left to fight with but his tongue and his heart, and dies fighting. The contests are burlesque absurdities; a pretty lady cuts off his nose, a stranger rogue cracks his two legs at the shinny part; he meets the wife of Satan:

Their strokes and counters whistled in the wind I wish he had delivered half his blows But where she should have made off like a hind The bitch bit off his arms at the elbows.

And before his last fight he makes a short speech:

'To any adversary it is fame
If he risk to be wounded by my tongue
Or burnt in two beneath my red heart's flame
Such are the perils he is cast among.

'But if he can he has a pretty choice
From an anatomy with little to lose
Whether he cut my tongue and take my voice
Or whether it be my round red heart he choose'.

And then the neatest knave that ever was seen, beautifully dressed and perfumed, with the most refined touch pierces Captain Carpenter's breast and pulls out his heart. What follows is an epitaph:

God's mercy rest on Captain Carpenter now I thought him Sirs an honest gentleman Citizen husband soldier and scholar enow Let jangling kites eat of him if they can.

But God's deep curses follow after those That shore him of his goodly nose and ears His legs and strong arms at the two elbows And eyes that had not watered seventy years.

The curse of hell upon the sleek upstart
That got the Captain finally on his back
And took the red red vitals of his heart
And made the kites to whet their beaks clack clack.

I do not suggest that Captain Carpenter is a direct symbol of the old South, obstinate, romanuc, and doomed; and the question is never raised of the causes for which Captain Carpenter was fighting. But the plot of the poem, what it says in the elementary sense, displays a natural sympathy with the Quixote figure, the cussed old devotee of personal honour, inevitably worsted in any encounter with those who are more guileful or realistic than himself. Yet its rhetoric is pure burlesque; the style archaic, quaintly obsolete, a parody of a popular ballad style—and not even a ballad of a good period. Nothing said about Captain Carpenter could be as effective a comment as this subtly chosen manner of telling his story. So in the end the poem is neither heroic nor burlesque. It is a rueful, tender, and comic recognition of the presence of both attitudes, at the same time, and directed to the same object.

A more highly wrought treatment of the theme of the old and failing that still commands passion and devotion is the exquisite 'Antique Harvesters'. The scene is, as an epigraph tells us, 'Of the Mississippi the bank sinister and the Ohio the bank sinister'. 'Declension looks from our land, it is old', and only a grey spare withered race is left to harvest it. The poem ends with an invocation to the young not to forsake it, to preserve their ancient lovalty:

Angry as wasp-music be your cry then:

'Forsake the Proud Lady, of the heart of fire,
The look of snow, to the praise of a dwindled choir,
Song of degenerate spectres that were men?
The sons of the fathers shall keep her, worthy of
What these have done in love'.

True, it is said of our Lady, she ageth.
But see, if you peep shrewdly, she hath not stooped;
Take no thought of her servitors that have drooped,
For we are nothing; and if one talk of death—
Why, the ribs of the earth subsist frail as a breath
If but God wearieth.

Antiquated loyalties, then, love surrounded by delicacies and scruples, death saluted formally as a not-unexpected guest—these are not qualities that we associate especially with American poetry. They remind us more of the seventeenth century in England. Yet there is an equally recognizable modernity. It is not an accident that Ransom has also been one of the most influentual of the band of brilliant modern American critics. He is the actual inventor of that now well-worn phrase, 'The new criticism'; it is the title of one of his books, published in 1941. And those qualities especially valued by the new criticism—irony, paradox, the tension between opposing attitudes that gives toughness and resilience to poetry otherwise of a disarming simplicity—are particularly marked in his lyrics. Occasionally the simplicity disappears altogether, and we have a poem that performs a dazzlingly intricate dance among contrary ideas, as in 'Painted Head'. This is a poem about a portrait, a painting of a beautiful head that by its isolation feeds and encourages

... the instinct of heads to be Absolute and to try decapitation And to play truant from the body bush.

But by its beauty it is also an image of completeness, evidence that it never did play truant thus, that it was faithful always to the body that gave it life and warmth and nourishment. The poem ends:

... The body bears the head (So hardly one they terribly are two)
Feeds and obeys and unto please what end?
Not to the glory of tyrant head but to

The increase of body. Beauty is of body. The flesh contouring shallowly on a head Is a rock-garden needing body's love And best bodiness to colorify

The big blue birds sitting and sea-shells flats And caves, and on the iron acropolis To spread the hyacinthine hair and rear The olive garden for the nightingales.

When Mr. Ransom reads his own work he is apt to say deprecatingly that it is mostly domestic poetry; he tends to play it down, both in what he says of it and in his manner of presentation. I have perhaps said enough to show that if it is small in scale and familiar in its material, it opens the door to vistas and

sonorities beyond its apparent surface. I want to end by praising a quality that we have already mentioned in passing—the willingness to risk the challengingly domestic theme, the theme that in other hands would almost inevitably become trivial or sentimental. A poem like 'Janet Waking':

Beautifully Janet slept
Till it was deeply morning. She woke then
And thought about her dainty-feathered hen,
To see how it had kept.

One kiss she gave her mother, Only a small one gave she to her daddy Who would have kissed each curl of his shining baby; No kiss at all for her brother.

'Old Chucky, old Chucky!' she cried, Running across the world upon the grass To Chucky's house, and listening. But alas, Her Chucky had died.

It was a transmogrifying bee Came droning down on Chucky's old bald head And sat and put the poison. It scarcely bled, But how exceedingly

And purply did the knot Swell with the venom and communicate Its rigor! Now the poor comb stood up straight But Chucky did not.

So there was Janet Kneeling on the wet grass, crying her brown hen (Translated far beyond the daughters of men) To rise and walk upon it.

And weeping fast as she had breath Janet implored us, 'Wake her from her sleep!' And would not be instructed in how deep Was the forgetful kingdom of death.

The Child and Death

Charming, slight, and not nearly so fragile as it looks. The theme is not really the death of a hen, it is the child's inability to comprehend the fact of death; the theme, in fact of Wordsworth's 'We Are Seven'. It is hard to write with tenderness about the limited perceptions of childhood without implicitly denying one's own adult status, and so falling into platitude or the kind of falseness we call sentimentality. I think Ransom has found a way out of this unhappy restriction: first, by the rhythm of his poem; it is an unassuming, rather prosaic rhythm, that does not make emotional demands. Then, and this is much more important, by his diction. It is colloquial and natural—but one that is colloquial and natural only in the mouth of a cultivated man, with much verbal taste, and much verbal dexterity. So that we are not falsely or affectedly plunged into Janet's simple view of the situation. In the end, three views of the situation are presented, at the same time and in the same words: Janet's; that of Janet's father, who is affectionately sympathetic; and that of a detached and slightly quizzical observer, who also inhabits Janet's father's skin, who cannot help knowing how small a place in the scheme of things is really occupied by the deaths of hens. This is not very like Wordsworth; this combination of tenderness and irony is much more like Andrew Marvell; and we remember that Marvell wrote of a nymph complaining of the death of her faun, and of little T.C. in a prospect of flowers.

And here we have reached the right point to situate Ransom in the history of poetry. The parallel with Marvell is a just one; he is very like a modern Marvell—a lyric poet with a small production, and high proportion of it perfect on its scale.

duction, and high proportion of it perfect on its scale.

Charles Lamb talked of Marvell's 'witty delicacy', Tennyson of his 'powerful union of pathos and humour'; these and many other things that have been said about Marvell fit Ransom to a nicety. He is a poet who inspires affection as well as admiration, and I think he always will. Randall Jarrell wrote of him recently in Poetry and the Age: 'He has written poems that the hypothetical generations of the future will be reading page by page with Wyatt, Campion, Marvell, and Mother Goose'.

—Third Programme

B.B.C. NEWS HEADLINES

July 27-August 2

Wednesday, July 27

The Prime Minister announces changes in the Government

A report of Inspectors of Constabulary says it views with 'grave concern' the recent sharp increase in crime in England and Wales

The Government appoints a commission to work out a new constitution for Malta

Thursday, July 28

Commons debate the Government changes.
The Opposition's challenge on the appointment of Lord Home as Foreign Secretary is defeated by 332 votes to 220

The Belgian Government makes its first report on outrages said to have been committed against Europeans during the recent disturbances in the Congo

Government expenditure on roads next year is to be increased by £11,000,000 to £76,000,000

Friday, July 29

Ghana announces a boycott from August 1 of South African goods, and a ban on South African citizens entering her territory unless they are opposed to apartheid

Belgium to withdraw 1,500 of her troops from the Congo almost immediately

Farthings will cease to be legal tender after this year

Saturday, July 30

Conclusion of talks held near Paris between General de Gaulle and Dr. Adenauer on Western policy

The Prime Minister and the Foreign Secretary to visit Bonn on August 10 for talks with Dr. Adenauer

Sunday, July 31

Russia renews her threat to intervene in the Congo, and offers her economic aid

The Congolese Deputy Prime Minister, Mr. A. Gizenga, attacks the United Nations for not sending troops into the province of Katanga

The two main parties in Malta oppose the British Government's plan for a constitutional commission

Monday, August 1

Russians reject Amer.can suggestion for an early meeting of the U.N. Disarmament Commission and propose heads of governments should attend U.N. General Assembly in the autumn to discuss disarmament

Parties supporting Archbishop Makarios and Dr. Kutchuk win 45 of the 50 seats in elections for Cyprus's House of Representatives

Tuesday, August 2

The Government of Ghana and the Prime Minister of the Congo press for firmer United Nations action over the Congolese province of Katanga

Rawalpindi is formally declared the capital of Pakistan instead of Karachi



Lord Home who has succeeded Mr. Selwyn Lloyd as Foreign Secretary. Lord Home is the first Foreign Secretary for twenty years to sit in the Lords. Mr. Lloyd has succeeded Mr. Heathcoat Amory as Chancellor of the Exchequer



Cranbrook Mill, Kent, said to be the finest in the country, which has been restored by Dutch millwrights. The work has taken three summers

Right: passengers boarding the first train of the reopened 'Bluebell' line at Sheffield Park Station, Sussex, last Saturday. The line, which runs four-and-a-half miles to Horsted Keynes, was closed three years ago by British Railways as uneconomic; it has now been taken over by a group of railway enthusiasts and is run entirely by volunteers



A demonstration last week near Alto pollution: it

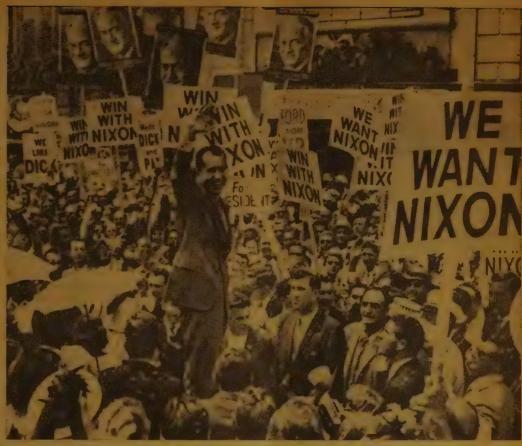






f a new material which could be used to rid beaches of an aircraft and sinks floating oil





Mr. Richard Nixon, the American Vice-President, photographed on his way to the Republican Party's Convention in Chicago last week at which he won nomination as the party's candidate for the Presidency. Mr. Cabot Lodge, American delegate to the United Nations, was nominated as the candidate for the Vice-Presidency



Mary Bignal of Great Britain winning the long jump on the first day of the athletics match against France at the White City last Saturday. She cleared 20 feet 3½ inches, a match record. Britain won both the men's and the women's events



Captain James Dalglish of the Royal Naval gunnery school at Whale Island, Portsmouth, being made an honorary Red Indian chief after the presentation to the school by the gunnery branch of the Royal Canadian Navy of a totem pole in appreciation of half a century of training received there by Canadian officers

Prospect of Science—V

Genes and Atoms

By F. H. C. CRICK, F.R.S.

URING the last ten years there has been an explosive development of the science of molecular genetics. We now know the chemical nature of genetic material; we think we know how it is copied and we have a shrewd idea of what it does. Moreover our hypotheses are not vague postulates. They make precise predictions in terms of atoms and molecules. For example it was expected that an alteration of a single atom in the material could make a considerable genetic change, and recent experiments support this prediction.

Perhaps the easiest place to look for the genetic material is in a sperm, which is little more than a dense packet of genetic information, with an oscillating tail to make it self-propelled. Most of the head of the sperm consists of a large number of very long, thin molecules, all different, but all built on the same general plan. They are known collectively by an abbreviation: the three letters DNA standing for deoxyribose nucleic acid. These DNA molecules are the most important part of the chromosomes, which are known to carry most of the genetic information, and which are packed tightly together inside the head of the sperm.

Each egg has a similar set of chromosomes, and so the fertilized egg carries a double set, one half from the father and one from the mother. When a cell prepares to divide into two, the DNA molecules are copied exactly, so that each of the two daughter cells receives a similar set. Thus almost every cell in your body contains a precise copy of this original set of DNA molecules.

These molecules do not amount to much by weight—probably less than one thousandth part of the human body. Their total length, however, is considerable. If all the DNA molecules, in all the cells of the body, were put end to end, they would reach a distance of several hundred

million miles, further than the distance from here to the Sun. At first sight this is a most surprising fact, and our natural reaction is to say that it is because atoms are so small. This is just another example of our human conceit: the truth is, of course, that it is because we are so big!

In recent years DNA molecules, isolated from the cell, have been studied by a variety of techniques, both chemical and physical, and although we cannot describe precisely any one particular DNA molecule we can say a good deal about the general plan on which they are built

Basically DNA is a polymer. It consists of two chemical chains wound round one another, but it is simpler if for the moment we think of only one chain. This chain is made up of a long backbone, with little side-groups attached at regular intervals. The side-groups are of four different kinds, and their sequence is irregular. We believe that it is the exact sequence of those four types of side-groups, on any particular stretch of DNA, which carries the genetic information. In other words, the information is written in a four-letter code. The proof of this still eludes us, but the problem is being actively studied. Surprisingly enough it does not matter very much which animal, plant, or micro-organism one uses, since the basic molecules of biochemistry, such as DNA and protein, are very similar throughout nature. Man is in many ways an unsuitable animal for the study of the fundamental problems of genetics, and especially for very fine-scale genetics. There is a simple reason for this. It happens that the genetic events one needs to study are necessarily rare. In order to measure them one has to use large populations and selective techniques which kill off all but the rare cases for which one is looking. For this purpose micro-organisms, such as bacteria and viruses, are

bacteria and viruses, are most suitable, and much of the recent work has been done on them

been done on them.

This work on the patterns of inheritance shows clearly that the gene — the unit of genetic function—is not indivisible but consists of a great many parts arranged in a linear order. This can easily be explained in terms of the properties of DNA. A typical molecule of DNA (as we have it in the test-tube-they may be longer in the cell) is perhaps 10,000 units long. A particular gene is represented, we believe, by a special sequence of side-groups, perhaps 1,000 units



Model showing the structure of a short length (about one-thousandth) of a DNA molecule

long, so that there are a number of genes on any one molecule of DNA. The chemical backbone runs continuously on from gene to gene—only the precise sequence of the side-groups tells where one gene ends and the other begins. It is possible that the technique of genetic mapping will enable us to distinguish one side-group on the DNA from an adjacent one,

Before a cell divides, each DNA molecule must be copied precisely. We now think we know how this is done. Obviously the cell has to produce a supply of the four kinds of building-bricks from which DNA is made, but how does it happen that when the DNA is doubled the precise sequence of the side-groups is copied exactly?

The secret appears to be, as I have said, that the DNA molecule is really a pair of chains. Their side-groups fit neatly together, one side-group of one chain fitting on to one side-group of the other, all the way along the length of the two chains. The two sequences are complementary to one another. If we knew the sequence of side-groups along one chain we could write down the sequence along the other from the packing rules which say which side-groups is allowed along one chain, but once this sequence is fixed the complementary sequence on the other chain is also fixed.

When the DNA is copied it is postulated



Photograph of a living cell showing the chromosomes (the long, tape-like objects on the right) which carry the genetic information

By courtesy of E.J. Ambrose, Esq.

that the two chains are separated, each becoming a template to guide the formation of a new companion chain. Let us call the two types of chain A and B. Then the old A makes a new B to fit itself, and the old B makes a new A, so that eventually we have two ABs where we had only one before. During the formation of the new chains the old chain selects, by a process akin to crystallization, whichever one of the four building blocks will fit nicely at each point, so that when it is all finished the new B chain, formed on the old A, is just like the old B chain. Whatever the sequence of side-groups was, it will have been copied exactly.

There is now suggestive evidence that this mechanism may be correct, and moreover something very like it can now be made to take place outside the living cell, using highly purified components of broken cells.

No mechanism is perfect, and the chemical mechanism which copies the gene is no exception to this rule. Occasionally mistakes occur. For example, a bit of the DNA may by chance be omitted. But the most typical mistake is the accidental substitution of one side-group for another. The next time it comes to be replicated this alteration is itself copied, since the copying mechanism has no way of telling that a mistake has been made. We then say that there has been a mutation. Mutations can be produced in many ways: for example by x-rays, by the fall-out of atomic bombs, and by various chemicals. They cannot as yet be made at some predetermined part of a DNA molecule. They occur at random, and so once a mistake has been made we cannot easily reverse it.

Looking for Invaluable Tools

A number of people—including some of my colleagues—are looking for specific chemicals which will alter only one of the four side-groups of DNA, because they would be invaluable tools for mapping DNA, but even if such a chemical acted only on one of the side-groups it would still act on many places in every gene. Ideas are going around about ways to produce very specific alterations, which would damage one particular gene only, but it is doubtful if these will become practical in the near future.

The genetic message, then, is a one-dimensional one, written on a polymer in a chemical code of four letters. Every gene has probably about as much information on it as would be needed, say, to spell out a sonnet. But living organisms are complicated things, so their complete genetic message is, a long one. Even for a small bacterial cell it may contain several million symbols. For human beings the number is much greater, perhaps as much as a thousand million symbols. This is enough information, in the technical sense, to write several hundred large books. All this information must be packed into the head of a sperm, an object far too small to be seen without a high-powered microscope. This is only possible because the message is written using atoms and molecules as symbols.

For the genetic information to be useful it must be able to control chemical reactions. We think we know in outline how this is done, but the details have yet to be discovered. Each chemical reaction that goes on in living cells is controlled by a special catalyst, which is specific for that reaction alone. These catalysts are the enzymes, and every known enzyme is a protein. There are many different types of protein mole-

cule, but again they are all built on a common plan. Each is a polymer, with a long chemical backbone which repeats over and over again, and to which side-groups are attached at regular intervals. In proteins, which are chemically entirely different from DNA, there are twenty different kinds of side-groups. A typical protein has a chain say 200 side-groups long, and the exact sequence of the side-groups is precisely determined. A protein is like a paragraph in a twenty-letter language.

A Catalytic Site

A protein molecule is folded up in a complicated manner: we do not yet know how this is done but we suspect that it folds itself; that is, its folding is controlled by the sequence of its side-groups. So the surface of a particular protein has a specific, complicated, but well-defined structure, and it is part of this surface which acts as a catalytic site, where the chemical reactions can take place.

This is a fantastically clever arrangement. It enables a cell to produce molecules of many different types, whose final three-dimensional structure is very complex but whose synthesis is relatively simple and uniform, because the underlying chemical structure—the structure of the repeating backbone—is both simple and uniform. We use precisely the same device in our language. The alphabet and the arrangement of the letters are simple. The meaning, which depends on the exact sequence of the letters and the interactions between the words, can be very complex.

The basic postulate of modern molecular biology is this: that the sequence of side-groups in a particular protein is controlled by one particular gene and depends in a simple way on the sequence of side-groups in that piece of the DNA. In other words, that the four-letter language of the DNA is in some way a code for the twenty-letter language of the proteins. The central problem of molecular biology is to break the genetic code.

The evidence that most genes control the synthesis of proteins is now very good. It is unlikely that this is done in a direct manner. The DNA is probably first copied on to a similar molecule known as RNA, and then this RNA, in some way as yet unknown, directs the synthesis of the protein. How this is done in detail we do not yet know, but many people are working on the problem and we feel certain that within a few years we shall understand the chemistry of the process. Recently, for example, two different workers in America have isolated the enzyme system which synthesises RNA using DNA as a primer, but their results have not yet been published.

Changing a Particular Side-group

What happens, then, when a chemical reagent such as nitrous acid acts on the DNA to produce a mutation? It acts to remove an amino group—one nitrogen and two hydrogen atoms—and replaces them by an oxygen atom. This changes that particular side-group, so that it looks like one of the other three types, and this alteration is copied at the next replication.

The effect of this change is to alter one of the side-groups of the protein controlled by this gene, and in many cases this alteration will change the function of the protein. It may well make it defective. People with the gene for

sickle-cell anaemia have an altered haemoglobin in their blood. Out of the 300 side-groups in the protein, one is different. If both copies of the gene are defective in this way the person will suffer from sickle-cell anaemia and will probably die before becoming adult. So, in certain circumstances, the alteration of one atom in an egg or a sperm may cause deformity or death to the individual.

This dramatic effect is mainly due to the enormous replication of the genetic information between fertilization and maturity, since almost every cell in the body contains, we believe, a copy of the full set of genes. If one of the original genes in the sperm was abnormal this abnormality will be passed on to every cell.

Will it ever be possible to synthesize the genetic material from scratch? There is no difficulty in principle to doing this: in practice, however, the problem looks horribly difficult. The chemistry is by no means easy, but we can look forward to the day when suitable synthetic processes will be available. The main difficulty is to get the side-groups into the correct order. Even to synthesize one gene we need to arrange about 1,000 side-groups correctly. If we did this one step at a time we should have to carry out 1,000 successive chemical operations with very high accuracy and good yield. The chances of doing this are remote. We can certainly look forward to being able to copy DNA, fairly accurately, in the test-tube, and it may be possible to modify existing DNA in a controlled manner. Here, too, the problems are difficult, but we can see ways in which it might be done. We should need techniques for separating DNA molecules, one from another, and of making small, defined alterations with reasonable precision. Getting the modified DNA back into the organism is also a tricky problem, which has so far been solved only for a few bacteria. However I would not be surprised if some of this were done within the next ten or twenty years, at least for simple organisms. Whether it will be possible for human beings I cannot guess.

1,000 Million Years of Natural Selection

You will see that the chance of synthesizing from scratch the entire genetic information of a human being is remote. This enormously complex sequence of side-groups we carry inside us has been built up by a thousand million years of natural selection, so that it is not surprising if we have difficulty in repeating the chemistry in a short period. Moreover even the biological mechanism has not succeeded in copying it completely accurately. There is probably at least one mistake each time a copy is made: but this precision is itself a remarkable achievement. If the entire sequence were lost it would be almost impossible to replace it except by a biological process.

The genetic material, then, is one of the most precious and delicate possessions of the human race. We can be thankful that so many copies of it exist, as otherwise its preservation would be hazardous. But let me close by stressing once again the scale of the genetical material. Suppose we took all the genetic information from all the people in the world—that is, if we extracted the DNA from one cell of every human being alive today, and packed all this DNA together, to give a file-copy of the blue-prints for the human race—it would fill a space about the size of a rather small drop of water.—Third Programme

Prospect of Science—VI

Problems of Growth and its Control

By MICHAEL ABERCROMBIE, F.R.S.

T is difficult to think of a more everyday medical event than the healing of a small skin wound. There is a rather long-drawnout, orderly pattern of change in and around the injury, easily observable, and the wound is effaced or replaced by a scar. It is distinctly shocking to find that this familiar process is very badly understood indeed; so that when one starts to read the scientific literature about it, one is almost immediately floundering in conflicting and ill-supported views. If it were well understood no doubt the knowledge would be medically rather trivial, because the process, on the whole, works so reliably without medical help. But it does seem to be a reproach to biological science that something so obvious has not been thoroughly analysed.

Underlying Ignorance

The difficulty really lies very deep. Lack of knowledge of the mechanism of wound healing is symptomatic of a great underlying chasm of ignorance in biology: ignorance of development of all kinds. By development I mean all the prolonged orderly patterns of change that one finds in one form or another wherever one looks among living things. Animals and plants start their life by developing from eggs or spores or other fragments of their parents; and they go on through a life history of change in form and size. They repair and regenerate and distort themselves in response to injury and disease, they mature sexually, they grow and shrink and metamorphose, and ultimately most of them age and die. They have formidable powers of change, exquisitely self-controlled but largely uncontrollable by us.

We know (through 150 years of successful physiology and biochemistry) a great deal about how a developed animal or plant functions. We are in the middle of a most exhilarating period of discovery in genetics, about exactly how the generations are linked together. But the analysis of development of the individual has so far proved just too difficult to get going with comparable momentum. And since applied science seldom goes far on its own without the thrust of fundamental knowledge behind it, it is not surprising that this great weakness in biology shows up in medical problems; not only the relatively trivial ones like wound healing, but really massive ones. Aging, congenital malformations, and cancer, for instance, are disorders of development, and it is no coincidence that at present they are intransigent.

Getting the Fundamentals Straight

So the problems that are actually before us now are mostly, though not entirely, concerned with getting the fundamentals of the science straight before we can push on to the applications. Let me begin with a relatively simple example, regeneration of the liver, about the largest organ in the body. An animal is only

temporarily incommoded by losing two-thirds of its liver. The remainder quickly replaces the missing part by tripling its own size. Substantially, this involves tripling the number of cells left behind, while at the same time maintaining the fairly complicated arrangement of the cells required for proper functioning. In some animals the process can be nearly completed in three weeks. There is a tremendous initial outburst of growth by cell multiplication in the remnant, then soon the brakes are applied and growth fades to a standstill, stopping when just the right amount of new tissue has been formed to restore the missing part of the liver.

It is a wonderfully accurate piece of development, though no more accurate than a hundred other episodes. How is it controlled? The underlying mechanism of growth-control seems to be some sort of feed-back. The larger the regenerating liver becomes through growth, the slower its growth becomes. The simplest theory that accounts for the observed facts is that the liver cells are all the time pumping some rather short-lived substance into the blood circulation; the substance is brought round again to the liver; and if its concentration in the blood is lower than a standard level some of the liver cells are stimulated to multiply. Several laboratories are hunting for this hypothetical substance, because it might be a useful thing, medically, to be able to give a damaged liver a boost to its re-growth.

Well-standardized Proportions

The liver then seems to have a mechanism for bringing its size up to that appropriate for the body as a whole. We get similar wellstandardized proportions throughout the growth of an embryo or a juvenile; and some other instances of regeneration and repair, for example of a small skin wound which disappears as if it had never been, likewise give this impression of exact co-ordination of the amounts of new tissue formed. When the analyses come to be made, we must expect to find many examples of feed-back systems, something like the liver's, controlling such development. But there will be other mechanisms as well. The two arms of a growing human being usually keep a closely matched size, and they do it probably without any communication between them. Their cells have had similar initial instructions and like synchronized watches their machinery goes thereafter in harmony. Organisms are in many respects precision machines, as the modern research on replication, described by Dr. F. H. C. Crick, is nowadays emphasizing.

In regenerating liver, or in any other growing system, cell multiplication and consequent growth is not the only change that goes on. There are at least half-a-dozen different types of cell in liver—the main liver cells, the bile duct cells, the blood vessel wall cells, and so on—and when the liver multiplies, each reproduces only its own type. These different components of the growing organ have to be put into their proper

arrangements. It is no good enlarging the mass of the liver if, for instance, new bile ducts are not put into proper relation with the cells that make the bile.

In animals this arranging seems to be largely done by active locomotion of the cells. Almost all animal cells apparently have the power of crawling very slowly: about two or three times their own length in an hour, or about an inch a fortnight. When they start or stop, and what direction they go in, depends on the stimuli they receive from their surroundings. They can be regarded as minute organisms with complex behaviour patterns. They are highly social organisms, in that much of the time they are responding to their neighbouring cells. But the body is not really comparable to an extremely highly organized ant-heap, if only because far the commonest state for a cell to be in is immobility. Cell movement seems to be roused when new tissue is being formed; and the mutual effects of cells on each other's movements then provide for the fine adjustments of position.

Spatial Organizing by Plants

A strange thing is that plants do all their spatial organizing differently. Locomotion of plant cells, wrapped in their cellulose covering, is impossible; any rearrangement required is done by localization of growth and multiplication of cells. For this reason plants do not, strictly speaking, suffer from cancer.

Cancer is a disease of growth. Cancerous cells are unaffected or little affected by the apparatus of growth control that I have just discussed. There are plant tumours, too, that are insensitive to growth control, and in some of these the analysis of what has gone wrong has been carried further than it has in any animal. The normal plant tissues will grow only when they are supplied with certain, chemically identified, stimulating substances; but the tumour cells manufacture these substances themselves, and so stimulate themselves to continuous growth. Animal cancer, though, is more than a disorder of growth; it is also a disorder of cell movement. Cancer cells are little affected by the cell interactions that normally control movement, and it is this aspect of their anti-social behaviour that makes them particularly dangerous, because it enables them to invade and spread.

The Repertoire of Different Cells

So far I have not been facing the full complexity of development. I have discussed the different kinds of cells that make up an organism as if they had been created once and for all; as if the only requirement for development is that cells should multiply, each after its kind, and arrange themselves properly. But there is usually more to it than that. To begin with, given the different cell types, they have more in their repertoire than growth and division and (for animal cells) locomotion. They have, for instance, a strange and little-understood ability

to commit suicide, and many cell populations are thinned out or discarded altogether during development by the self-sacrifice of their members. But the important point is: what are these different cell types? Are they so stable, or do they change to new types? And how do they originate in the first place?

Degrees of Stability

There is little doubt that in liver regeneration in an adult the different kinds of cells are highly stable, and we do not find transformations from one cell type to another. Indeed in both plants and animals generally, though there is often changeability, as a rule there is also at least some degree of stability in almost all cell types. By this I mean that if you keep different types all in the same conditions, which is something we can do in tissue culture, they and their progeny will stay different from each other. In fact not only do different kinds of cells differ in their make-up, of enzymes and other proteins, but they differ also hereditarily, that is, in what they hand on to their offspring when they divide.

It is of considerable interest to know whether we can locate this hereditary specificity of the cell-type in any particular part of the cell, say in the nucleus, or in the complex of sheets and granules that the electron microscope has revealed in the cytoplasm around the nucleus, and which is much concerned in protein synthesis; or chemically is it associated with, say, DNA or RNA? We are just beginning to have the techniques necessary to deal with these problems, which involve minute operations on cells, transferring nuclei or other pieces, or nucleic acid between cell types. The manipulation of such small objects—a nucleus is only about one-hundredth of a millimetre acrosshas to be mechanized, and all is not yet plain sailing; but the first results have suggested that there is an inherited difference, residing in the nucleus, between different cells.

But as I have hinted, the stability of these cell types is not complete. They may transform to new kinds, and one such transformation, which many different cell types can undergo, is

from a normal cell to a cancer cell. As a rule cancer cells are not radically transformed in their chemical make-up from the normal cells that gave rise to them, but they have undergone a profound change, as we have seen, in the way they react to the growth-controlling and movement-controlling conditions around them; and the change is passed from cell to daughter cell during cell-division. Naturally this particular transformation is of crucial interest; among other aspects, we want to know about the possibility of inducing it to take place the other way, from cancer to normal. It seems, however, that the cancerous changes may be only part of a spectrum of relatively minor transformations that normal cells can undergo. This has emerged from work with tissue culture. Single cells can now be isolated, made to multiply in artificial culture, single cells isolated from their progeny, and so on. At least under these conditions of culture, transformations of the cells may take place to new variants, and the new characters are handed on from cell to cell for a time; and among the new variants appearing in this way have been some instances of cancer cells.

Developing Principal Cell Types

These, however, are minor transformations, no matter how interesting they may be for the cancer problem. What about the origin of the principal cell types, say the main liver cells or bile duct cells of an animal? These different types are not commonly handed on intact from an animal or plant to its offspring. They have to be developed, ultimately from an egg or spore. An egg is certainly not uniform in its make-up, so different parts of the embryo that derive from different parts of the egg often have different instructions from the start as to what they are to develop into. Nevertheless, in many instances cells that are initially alike are made to develop into different cell types. Once more, the mechanisms producing these changes are found in the interactions between the cells.

At the simplest, substances stimulating particular kinds of development are transmitted from one group of cells to another. The study

of plants certainly seems to be ahead of that of animals in the analysis of such mechanisms. By the administration of certain identified chemical substances to plant cells as yet uncommitted to one kind of development, particular organs can be made to develop. In animals, as yet, the exact nature of none of these substances is known, but this will come soon. At its most complex the interactions between cells controlling development into particular cell types is much too subtle to be understood at present. For instance, when the rudiment of a limb in a newt embryo is halved, each half frequently forms one complete limb, perfectly co-ordinated in structure. Most of its cells must have undergone a change from their expected fate so that they fit into their new position; and all these cells must somehow have been informed of where they lie in the half rudiment.

We are continually brought up short against problems of how cells communicate with each other when we discuss the control of cell multiplication, of cell movement, of transformation of cell types, and of other aspects of development. Knowledge of these things may well be needed to enable us to deal with the repair of injuries, and the developmental disorders such as cancer and aging and congenital malformations, which are beginning to loom so large because other kinds of disease are being conquered.

Unalterable Heredity a Myth

In the longer run there are more fundamental prospects for the science of development. The whole stupid and cruel myth of unalterable heredity that has clouded so much medical and social thinking about human troubles dissolves as we gain control of development. Perhaps there is no sense in thinking now about the moulding of man to his own design, since the present version of the human being clearly cannot be trusted with the planning of a future version. But these and other prospects of what may possibly be gained encourage one to believe that the study of development is going to affect the future profoundly, even if it is a rather distant future.—Third Programme

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Superlative Newcastle upon Tyne

Sir,—May I be allowed to supplement the admirable article by Ian Nairn (THE LISTENER, July 28) on Newcastle upon Tyne, my native town, which omits several features I should have liked to have seen included? There is, for instance, Jesmond Dene with its picturesque waterfall and crystal-clear stream running through a well-wooded grove. This leaves an indelible impression; an impression that is at once reinstated in the mind, years after we have left it behind, whenever the name Newcastle is mentioned. Then I think of Armstrong's factory which employed 20,000 workers and supplied all parts of the world with its high-quality engineering products—that, too, should not be omitted. It was Lord Armstrong who gave to the city Armstrong College, which is

now linked with Durham University. Then we must remember George Stephenson who gave us the first locomotive—'The Rocket'—which stood prominently at the end of the High Level Bridge as a monument to his memory. This bridge provides for railway trains on its upper level and for pedestrians on the lower, and it was built by Robert Stephenson, his son. There is something attractive, too, about some Novacastrian names — Jesmond Dene, Spittal Tongues, Pudding Chare, Pilgrim Street, and so on.

The only thing that militates against Newcastle becoming an attractive health resort (though the seaside towns of Tynemouth and Whitley Bay with their sandy beaches are only ten miles away) is the many cold damp days it experiences. The escape from these lies in hard work, for which the city is famous, though at the pay weekend it used to drive men to drink. On such occasions the Monday-morning charge list for being drunk and disorderly reached the half-century mark. 'Five shillings and costs' was almost a refrain as the magistrates hurried through the cases. Though some were driven to drink, others were driven abroad to warmer climes, where nasal catarrh and bronchitis, contracted in the home town, could be overcome.

It is strange how vividly we, who have reached the stage of the sere and yellow leaf, can visualize in detail these scenes of the distant past but cannot recall even vaguely what we saw (and should have remembered) last week.

Yours, etc.,

Oxford LANCELOT FORSTER

The Retreat from the Word

Sir,-Surely it is time to put an end to the main-line theory of literary history which Mr. George Steiner (THE LISTENER, July 14 and 21) traces from the soaring rhetoric of Spenser and Marlowe to the measured fourth-form cadences of Lawrence Durrell. All these years after Prufrock we should at last be convinced that the grammar and style of a past era is hopelessly inadequate. In Faulkner there are often whole pages and chapters which could be red-pencilled to gibberish but whose total effect is sublime-'the terrible blood, the red bitter flood boiling through the land'. Mr. Steiner denies us the twentieth century's greatest literary achievement, which is the use of words as emotive instruments. In the case of Wallace Stevens his assessment is particularly weak. Refer back to the context of Stevens's gallicisms and see how indispensable each word is. He uses words as exactly as the economist his graph, the historian his archive, or the mathematician his computer.

This carping about modernism does the contemporary study of the humanities much harm. The critic who defines 'classic' writing is usually at the same time castigating the newest 'modernist'. The advance of science into respectable intellectual circles was at first resisted by the stake and then by the pen. Of course there are whole universes of human knowledge which cannot be expressed in classical cadences, but we come to know more and more about the cosmos, and it behoves students of the humanities to start grounding themselves in modern languages.

Yours, etc.,

Burnley

G. E. RIDGE

Sir,—I was greatly interested in Mr. George Steiner's two talks on 'The Retreat from the Word'. May I take this opportunity of adding a few random points of my own?

- (1) There is one important way in which the relationships of our modern Western civilization and the Hellenic civilization to 'the word' differ. To the Greeks and the Romans 'the word' was primarily, indeed almost exclusively, the spoken word. Literary works, in verse or prose, were designed to be read in public, and even the scholar in his study read aloud from the book in his hand. The increasing emphasis on the written word in our civilization is surely an important distinction, and one that helps to explain the slow displacement of language as the supreme method of communication. Much of the life has been drained from the western European vernaculars by the evolution of a specifically literary usage. This is of course not irremediable, and in fact now the 'literary' style is used much more for criticism, journalism, and official publications than for literature.
- (2) An important factor in the decline of language has been the very rapid technical advance of some of its rivals. It might be feasible to maintain that the modern English language is no more, or at any rate little more, effective as a means of expression than classical Attic. It would be absurd to pretend that Euclid's scope is in any way comparable to Einstein's, or that Mozart's music cannot say more than the Gregorian chants.
- (3) Atonality and electronic music do not mark a vital retreat from the word. Mr. Steiner refers to Van Gogh's statement that he painted not what he saw but what he felt, and rightly calls

this a 'revolutionary assertion'—as far as the pictorial arts are concerned. But the musician has always been free from the necessity to conform to any external reality, and has been interested in form and feeling. From the time of Beethoven onwards a preoccupation with personal emotion comes to preponderate over all other factors, as Shaw correctly perceived. The twentieth century has evolved new means to reach the same end. Many of the most revolutionary of modern musicians (Schönberg, Bartók, Stravinsky, for instance) can trace their musical ancestry to the almost excessive romanticism of Mahler, Rimsky-Korsakov, Strauss, and others.—Yours, etc.,

Fakenham ROGER ELLIOTT

'The Private Papers of Hore-Belisha'

Sir,—There are for me so many inaccuracies and wrong impressions in, and important omissions from, this book that, in General Pakenham-Walsh's words, 'it would require another book to put it right'.

I served over a period of years on Lord Ironside's staff, was treated by him as a friend and confidant, kept up a correspondence with him and was privileged to read his diaries, which he stated in his will were never to be published. I was present at many of the events described in the book and saw and heard the incidents myself. When I was Ironside's Military Assistant at the time he was Chief of the Imperial General Staff, each evening he discussed the day's events with me and he wrote up his diary each night.

I cannot in the space of a letter put more than a very few of the points where the book is in error.

When Mr. Hore-Belisha came to the War Office he told General Ironside that he was too old to be C.I.G.S., but the status of the office of C.I.G.S. was to be lowered, and that he (Hore-Belisha) intended to use Ironside, Wavell, and Dill as his generals in the field and to consult them periodically.

Ironside replied that he was not disappointed. He neither wanted nor liked the job of C.I.G.S., 'he was not made for routine and would hate being chained to an office desk'.

He went to Gibraltar as Commander-in-Chief designate of the Middle East, where trouble with Italy was expected. On his return to England in July 1939 Lord Gort told him that he had been brought home as prospective Commander-in-Chief of the B.E.F.

After war was declared, to his amazement Mr. Hore-Belisha asked him to become C.I.G.S. At first he thought of refusing because of his dislike for the job, but as it was wartime felt he had to accept. On taking over he found the country very unprepared for war. There was no policy, no strategy, no plans, and the Army was inadequately equipped and trained. The Government was weak, indecisive, dilatory, and procrastinating. It sheltered behind the Maginot Line and the French Army, and could see no need for an army.

The C.I.G.S. laboured to remedy this pitiful state of affairs. No man could have done more, few as much. The Secretary of State had done his best to improve conditions in and the welfare of the Army and hoped to improve its equipment through the creation of a Ministry of Supply. He had had the courage to introduce conscription, and the imagination to double the

Territorial Army, though without realizing all its implications. But he had little conception of policy, strategy, or training, nor of the equipment needs of the Army. He was more concerned with the press and with welfare. He was a difficult man to deal with, apt to be brusque, rather superficial, and irregular in his hours. It is true that he had little guidance or support from the Government. For example, when Ironside pointed out to him the need of an army air arm, or, at least, better co-operation from the R.A.F., Hore-Belisha took it up with energy, but with little response from those in authority.

As neither of the other two members of the Chiefs of Staff Committee knew or cared much about Imperial strategy, Ironside had to produce the plans himself. Against opposition from home, he formed the Army in the Middle East. It is absurd, therefore, of Mr. Minney to say that 'he was inadequate in his dealings with the other services on the Chiefs of Staff Committee in overall planning'. It was they and not Ironside who were inadequate.

When France was on the point of falling, Ironside went to the Prime Minister and proposed that he should now leave C.I.G.S. and become C.-in-C. Home Forces to prepare the country to meet the threatened invasion. Mr. Churchill agreed, saying that the post of C.I.G.S. was now of secondary importance, Britain was vital to the defence of the Empire, and the best soldier in the Empire must be charged with its defence. He was not 'removed' in the sense Mr. Minney conveys.

It is untrue that there was a conspiracy of the generals or Army officers to oust Mr. Hore-Belisha. This is a myth and another wrong impression conveyed by Mr. Minney. Belisha's resignation took Ironside by surprise. The first he knew of it was when he read it in the evening newspaper at his club, I asked him the reason, and he replied that he did not know but thought it was 'because Belisha has been throwing his weight about too much in the Cabinet'.

Another false impression, as stated by Mr. Robert Blake, is 'Ironside, on the evidence of this book, seems to have been an intriguer of the first water'. This is, in my opinion, untrue. By character and temperament he was opposed to intriguing. He was frank, fearless, and forceful, hated intrigue and disliked all intriguers. On principle he never angled for a job, but accepted whatever he was offered. He was the best soldier we had, and in advance of his contemporaries in imagination and original thought, knowledge, and experience. His advocacy of armour and armoured warfare and of air cooperation earned him the dislike of the die-hards in the War Office, and he expressed his contempt, perhaps sometimes a little unguardedly, of their obscurantism. But he was well liked and trusted by the Army. Strong in character, unconventional, and forthright in his expressions of opinion, he did not appeal to everyone, and there were some who were jealous of his attainments. Yours, etc.,

field R MACLEON

Sir, I appreciate the friendly tenor of Mr. Robert Blake's comments on my letter in The LISTENER of July 7, and will confine this reply to the points in his letter where some further light on the background may be of historical interest to students of the pre-war period.

He suggests that when it came to choosing a

new C.I.G.S. in the autumn of 1937, Hore-Belisha would have done better to pick Dill or Wavell, and remarks that they were 'cleverer than Gort, while Dill was 'considerably senior'. Such a view is very reasonable, and I agree with it. Dill was, in fact, the obvious choice on allround ability and relative seniority. Unhappily he showed signs of diminished vigour—having been desperately ill after a riding accident a few vears earlier-and it was regretfully felt that he was hardly capable of the arduous effort to push through a big reorganization of the Army as quickly as was required by the rapidly growing danger of war. Wavell then became the intended choice. But even he showed signs of slowing down, while as inarticulate at ever in discussion, and when he came back on a flying visit from Palestine he did not impress Hore-Belisha or other ministers that he would be vigorous in tackling such a task.

By contrast Gort's expressed eagerness for reform and abounding energy made a strong impression, while his recent appointment to be Military Secretary, graded as a lieutenant-general's post, had brought him within the recognized field of choice. That there were underlying doubts about his 'grasp' of the problem can be seen by looking up The Times' leader on December 3, 1937, the day that the new appointments were announced. The shortage of suitable candidates resulting from many years of stagnation in promotion was Hore-Belisha's basic handicap.

Turning to the question of the progress achieved in Hore-Belisha's time compared with the reforming efforts of Cardwell and Haldane, the poor performance of the army in the Zulu campaign of 1879 and the first Boer War of 1881 cast doubt on the view that 'Cardwell's army was fully capable of coping with the colonial and frontier wars which formed its principal task in the decade which followed'. As for Haldane's, when I said in my letter that 'the army of 1939-40 was professionally superior in many respects', I was speaking of the professional standard and education of its leaders and staff. Montgomery's scornful comment in his memoirs on the state of the army in 1939, which Mr. Blake cites as an 'opposite view', is mainly directed to its 'weapons and equipment'-a different matter.

It would be surprising if Montgomery did not regard himself as 'professionally superior' to the level of leaders in the 1914 army—and he was one of the many promising younger professional soldiers whose promotion was accelerated by Hore-Belisha's efforts. As for the state of equipment, this was not nearly as good as it should have been, or would have been if the matter had been energetically tackled before Hore-Belisha's entry into the War Office barely two years before war came. But in many respects it was better than that of the German Army in 1939—a fact which becomes clear when the comparative situation is examined item by item.-Yours, etc.,

Marlow

B. H. LIDDELL HART

Television Panel Games

Sir,-In THE LISTENER of July 21 one of your critics, Mr. Peter Pound, suggested that more serious programmes were being starved of money in order that my own department should be able to present what he described as 'un endless succession of inane panel games on a scale which, if not lavish, is often only one degree less'

As to the 'inanity' or otherwise of B.B.C.

panel games. Mr. Pound has of course a right to his own opinion. As to the supposed 'lavishof their presentation, however, I would beg leave to correct him; they are usually produced with the utmost simplicity and economy —to a degree that I am bound to admit verges occasionally upon the starkly monotonous.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.12 ERIC MASCHWITZ Head of Light Entertainment, Television

[Mr. Peter Pound writes:
'I find it hard to understand how Mr. Maschwitz can read such a suggestion into my remarks. Knowcan read such a suggestion into my remarks. Knowing nothing about the budgetary relationships between B.B.C. departments, I could not and did not make any cause-and-effect implication. My criticism was aimed at what seemed to me a niggardliness in the production of a particular "Sky at Night" programme, in which models of a planet and its moons were misshapen lumps of what appeared on my screen to be cotton wool. The moons orbited so its high as to distract one's attention from the point of the moons of the moons or the moons of the moons or the moons of the moons or the moons of the jerkily as to distract one's attention from the point being expounded, and Mr. Moore had to apologize for the fact that viewers could see the rod on which one moon was mounted. This makeshift effort seemed explicable only in terms of a lack of cash, and it contrasted so strongly with the smoothworking, apparently lavish production of, for example, "Laughline", that I was led to make a comparison?

-Editor, THE LISTENER]

The Court of King's

Sir,—A photograph in the centre pages of THE LISTENER of July 28 purports to show the King and Queen of Thailand in 'the quadrangle of King's' at Cambridge,

Cambridge University colleges have courts; 'quads' belong to the 'Latin Quarter of Cowley'.-Yours, etc.,

Andover RIVERS OLDMEADOW [We regret this error.—Editor, THE LISTENER]

St. Andrew's

Here in my tight suit, Sunday after Sunday, I'd shiver in the draughty oblong hall. (The fire-bomb-gutted church was never used Except by children or for some church play That needed ruins). Here my pimpled skin

Wrinkled in prayer when I propped my head On my poised fingers: forms of words worn

Helped me to remember what should be said. I'd bend beside my mother, gangling, tall. I prayed for faith, but felt that God refused.

Let me look back. I'm there in my rough chair, Bare legs on sharp straw, sucking buttermint Slipped in my fidgeting hands by fur-gloved hands.

I'm wondering when the intercession-prayer Will end. More prayers, intunations, hymns

Flounce leisurely on. I watch bulged offering-

Shuttle between deacons. Touched coins chink. Stiff limbs

Ease. The soft mouths, whose belly-velvet sags, Gape for warmed silver, trickling out by dint Of pressed appeals for 'our missions in far

The lesson booms out. James McClusky's black Bony razor-headed bust above the Bible

Strops his Highland vowels. Quick Scottish wives

Nudge their slumped husbands. Folded arms, feet slack

On loud planks correct themselves. The Book

Quietly shuts, gold leaves flutter. Towards The back of the hall the text from Habbakuk Re-echoes. The draped lectern's tasselled cords Jerk to swung robes. The minister turns: the

Quakes to beat fists condemning our distracted lives.

Let me look forward. As I grate on boards I bump that lion-mouthed mahogany throne He'd hunch in. It's ground by lecturers now. Dead flowers

Droop on the flat piano from which the Lord's Thundering praises were wrung. I cough and

In dust (it's little played now) and stoop through To the new church: too elegant in oak For my taste. I advance to our old pew

Through pipe-warmed air. I sit down, scrape fresh stone

With dragging nailed heels. Here, while quarter-

Flake from the tower, I stop. My child's belief (I now believe) was a Scots exile's; gone

With weakened roots. When the sick wish returns

For the lost country, the dream-Scotland grief Was noble in, I clutch at things, plain things

I've lifted to symbols: compasses, a brooch, Photographs, draughtsman's T-squares, opal rings

My faith's planted where prayers can't encroach. I've grown past God-roots. Why, then, back

That warm pew do they prick me? Something turns

Time back. It's Easter Day. I see moved plates Of diced white bread, starched linen someone

The plates clink closer. Furtively, I choose Christ's body and blood. The hushed young elder waits,

Then catfoots on. And now I'm swallowing wine

From a glass thimble, rolling the lifeless bread On my living tongue. I'm keyed for some sure sign

Of something miraculous. Eyes blink; my head Lifts; and I stare at grown men shedding tears And my own goosefleshed knees, blue with a bruise.

GEORGE MACBETH

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The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Possessed. A Play by Albert Camus, adapted from the novel by Dostoevsky. Hamish Hamilton. 15s.

Reviewed by COLIN WILSON

A YEAR BEFORE HIS DEATH, I spent an afternoon with Camus in his office at Gallimard's. It was the first time I had met him, and I was struck mostly by his extreme youth; with his small, prown, lively face and crew-cut hair, he looked ike an urchin. I found this hard to reconcile with the Camus I knew through his books, the man who always struck me as nihilistic, near the end of his tether. And his conversation left me with the same odd impression; his manner was thereful and lively (almost, I thought, irresponsible) yet the things he said, and the answers he gave to my questions, seemed based on a fundamental lack of belief, a lack of any real sense of

I find myself confronted again by the feeling of a man at the end of his tether in this adaptation of The Possessed. But first, I should admit that my feeling about the later Dostoevsky (after Drime and Punishment) is extremely ambiguous. In a theoretical way I admire him; he seems to the full of important ideas; yet as the years go by, I find myself more and more irritated by his work. Once I felt that Kirilov and Stavrogin extressed one of the great metaphysical dilemmas; tow I tend to dismiss them as a pair of fools on level with Byron's Childe Harold. Reading Camus's play has only intensified this impression.

What is the value of Camus's adaptation? In dubious. For people who are daunted by the 00 pages of the novel, it is an excellent summary. Parts are amusing and brilliant. But does a ever really touch on important issues? I am of sure

Let me admit at once that a review is no place discuss my sense of Camus's (and Dostoevcy's) inadequacy. There is too much smart, responsible reviewing of serious work by unualified fools who can say 'So and so's ideas

ualified fools who can say 'So and so's ideas re rather silly' because they know they will ever be called upon to produce their own or

aborate their meaning.

I am also deterred by a feeling that this is no me to start speaking ill of Camus; whatever timate criticisms can be levelled at his work. was better than ninety nine per cent, of his ontemporaries. But when all is said and done, hy did The Possessed exert such a fascination his mind? For all its power, I find it ultiately a melodramatic and unconvincing work. nd Stravrogin is not an existential hero; he is juvenile delinquent, a man who does not know mself well enough to realize that he wants to ve, who keeps repeating 'Life is pointless, erefore I ought to commit crimes to liven it ' Shaw would have seen through him in e minutes; I cannot understand why Camus dn't do so. Human beings cannot afford spair; death is far too aggressive an adversary allow oneself the luxury of a handicap. If avrogin was too thick-skinned to sense the derlying purpose that drives life forward as lentlessly as a machine, then he is to be pitied.

Dostoevsky himself was a man who tended to load himself with handicaps and then accuse life of picking on him unfairly; emotionally self-indulgent and masochistic, for all his intellectual greatness, he beat himself and at the same time demanded to know why life was so painful. The human dilemma may be tragic; it is certainly paradoxical; but this is no reason to increase the odds against oneself by sheer self-indulgence and lack of discipline.

While I never cease to admire Camus's seriousness, I always suspect that he was a prematurely defeated man, and that his 'philosophy' was mostly a pale blueprint of Dostoevsky. It seems to me that he finally lacked the only thing that can justify the artist (as distinct from the critical philosopher): an inborn, mystical sense of his own destiny, and a conviction that he is serving, not 'humanity' or any other humanistic generalization, but a strange god, a wholly incomprehensible force.

Was Camus at the end of his intellectual tether? Had his work become curiously static since La Peste, a scratching of old sores rather than an advance? I suspect so, but I would be happy to discover I was wrong. What The Possessed reveals is that he never ceased to be a consummate workman and an astounding critical sensitivity. He told me that his novel The First Man was to be about a Stavrogin-like character who rejects all values—political, religious, moral, social—only to discover that he is forced to recreate his own politics, religion, morality. After the unutterable confusion of The Possessed, this is just the book I would like to read.

Nations and Empires

By Reinhold Niebuhr. Faber. 25s.

Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr is well known on both sides of the Atlantic for his works on religious and political thought, and is also a regular and penetrating commentator on international politics. In the present work he combines his two interests to good effect. He begins with a brief consideration of the 'two imperial nations today' (the United States and the Soviet Union). He then asks the question whether either or both of these great empires are unique, or whether there are parallels in history to the problems which face them or are created by them. This takes him back to the ancient past, from which he proceeds forward through the Roman, Byzantine, and Islamic Empires to the modern nation state, 'the vague universalism of liberal demoand 'communist universalism and

In the course of this survey Dr. Niebuhr's central theme is the inter-relationship between ideals and power, 'community and dominion'. Every society is 'dependent on some internal force of cohesion' and on 'the unifying power of a central authority'. Imperial mythologies stress the community but gloss over the dominion, although their apologists are well aware of the more discreditable aspects of dominion when they come to analyse rival empires. Dr. Niebuhr stresses the difference between theocratic Byzantium and Islam, in both of which spiritual and

temporal power were united in one ruler, and the medieval Western Empire, in which they were separated, in which temporal sovereignties were many, and only the Pope claimed authority over the whole West. There is also an interesting discussion of the tendency of modern liberals to underestimate the power factor and to exaggerate the importance of constitutional frameworks: the widespread illusions of western democrats about the United Nations receive some wholesome criticism.

Dr. Niebuhr is writing primarily for Americans. But the muddled thinking which he is seeking to clarify is by no means confined to his side of the ocean. Many British theorists and practitioners of politics would do well to follow him on his brief tour through the centuries. Some of his historical images may be a little out of focus, but the experience of reading him is intellectually refreshing. It is one of his great merits that he does not offer any new 'solutions'—indeed that he denies that there can be solutions.

In the collective life of man, at least, most evil arises because finite men involved in the flux of time pretend that they are not so involved. They make claims of virtue, of wisdom and of power which are beyond their competence as creatures. These pretensions are the source of evil, whether they are expressed by kings and emperors or by commissars and revolutionary statesmen. But among the lesser culprits of history are the bland fanatics of western civilization who regard the highly contingent achievements of our culture as the final form and norm of human existence.

It would be pleasant if one could hope that Dr. Niebuhr's modest wisdom could have some effect on the angry young, complacent middle-aged, or defeatist old men of the affluent societies.

Hugh Seton-Watson

Both Sides of the Hill
By Jon and David Kimche.
Secker and Warburg. 25s.

This book not only deals with the events of the Jewish-Arab War of 1948 but also covers (and hence the mildly provocative sub-title 'Britain and the Palestine War') the circumstances of the British withdrawal from Palestine and the prefatory hostilities which attended it. Throughout, the authors' description of the actual fighting is both clear and tense; while their judgments and analyses, whether of military affairs or political ones, are remarkable for common fairness and for common sense.

Now, these last two qualities are superlatively rare in discussions of matters Jewish. A few quiet-voiced Englishmen (Captain Liddell Hart, Christopher Sykes, R. H. S. Crossman) have spoken with balance and logic: writers in the main, however, whether English, European, Jewish, or Arab, and whether they have been discussing mere local conflicts or the broadest implications of International Zionism, have all sooner or later been led, by a bias one way or the other, into hysterical tantrums or irremediable silliness. But the Kimches, while spirited, are scrupulous. They condemn Bevin without

equivocation: they also allow for the almost intolerable difficulties with which the British Labour Government was faced. They are stern about the pro-Arab prejudices of the British Army; but they are not slow to render honour where, as in the case of General Stockwell and others, honour is clearly due. '[Brigadier] Jones meant business... Jones also kept his promises', write the Kimches of one such officer. The observation is pleasing and characteristic.

It is, then, at once unexpected and hopeful that, in a book on Israeli affairs, history should have been placed before propaganda and justice should have ousted rancour. But one wonders whether it is not too late. Rumour, chauvinism, and bigotry have had their way for so long now that one has the impression that the Kimches, for all their care in examining archives, are no longer able to disentangle the fragile truth from the hideous growths of lies and hatred and selfjustification which popular fear and patriotism have watered so well to sprout so hugely. Thus, despite the utmost patience, the authors do not succeed in settling the question of the Palestinian Arabs-were they driven out by the Jews or did they leave in response to an external summons? It says everything for the Kimches' fairness that they even regard this as a question, for among the Israelis it is a simple dogma that the Arabs left of their own foolish will. But the most objective approach has left the question exactly where and what it always was-misty and unresolved, a matter of malignant undertones. Still, if the Kimches have left questions unanswered, they have overturned a number of noxious legends: they allow neither that all British soldiers were brutal anti-Semites nor that all Israelis were models of chivalry and truth. Both points, just at present, need all the emphasis they can get.

SIMON RAVEN

Some Graver Subject. An Essay on Paradise Lost. By J. B. Broadbent. Chatto and Windus. 30s.

This is the work of a very contemporary, well-informed, and balanced mind. Mr. Broadbent seems to be now an Anglican, as he remarks that the heart sinks when the Benedicite is announced in church, though he tells us he was brought up as a nonconformist and therefore dislikes having Milton treated as positively a royalist. It is remarkable how far such a man can go in repudiating Milton's theology. I feel that he gives weighty support to what I want to say about the poem, though his account needs taking further.

The excellent firmness of Mr. Broadbent comes out in his comment on Milton's claim that God in Book III 'clears his own Wisdom and Justice from all imputation'; 'it is more important to condemn this than to make allowances for Milton's difficulties or the historical conditions of theology' (page 144). When Adam asks the angel to listen to his domestic problems 'This quaking false respect, not reverence, is what corrupts the poet's God' (page 244); 'we are perhaps less deeply sunk than Milton in the common sexual error of orthodox Christendom' (page 94; I am puzzled to know who 'we' are). When Eve eats the apple 'The wrongness that irks us does not lie in Milton's presentation, or the myth itself, but in the orthodox interpretation of the Fall' (page 259); some of the

cartoon-like satire endorsed by Milton's God is 'dangerous as myth because it may sanction correspondingly gross behaviour in life (page 263). The doctrine that the Fall was Fortunate, which makes the end of the poem, is mechanical, 'as though the cosmos were a factory' (page 283)—surely Milton was thankful to have it no worse. Mr. Broadbent explains the recent attacks on the poem as historically needed but now outgrown (page 293); I wish the Arts Faculty uneasiness about the Science Faculty could be outgrown, too. Some recent defenders of the poem also get a thump when he says 'The reaction against psychology as an element in literary criticism has reached the stage of dishonesty'; the chief use he makes of his psychology, I think, is to explain that the reader enjoys doing to Satan what, 'crushed by the Fall', he would like to do to Milton's God (page 263).

All this is invigorating, but I have to feel it is not enough. When Raphael warns Adam and Eve that he cannot tell them

Things not revealed which the invisible King Only omnipotent hath suppressed in night To none communicable in earth or Heaven

Mr. Broadbent finds calling God a King 'start-lingly out of place' (page 242); but Milton's God was a King anyhow, and it was bold of Milton to admit here that his whole hard picture was inadequate, in splendid romantic poetry. When Eve says just before eating the apple

In plain then, what forbids he but to know, Forbids us good, forbids us to be wise?

he says the lines 'tinkle with failure to decide' (page 258); it shows how differently one can read, because to my ear this accusation against God rings like a steel girder. He gets rather near the edge when he considers the refusal of God to let the angelic guard remove Satan from Paradise, expressed by putting in the sky the constellation of the Scales, At least, he says the story becomes 'absurd'. But he somehow does not mind about the story, and feels he need only trace the quotations to the writing on the wall for Belshazzar (page 200):

Thus the balanced frailty of Paradise is ultimately secure in the determination of God's will. Of course, Manicheeism lurks under this large symbol for Paradise. . . . Milton . . . is forced . . . to bring a postulated omnipotence to the aid of the world's 'good'. This is 'faith'. Its value depends on how fierce the struggle is, and how gentle the omnipotence.

It is splendid to have him see that the incident is peculiar and yet try to extract an orthodox moral from it, though I do not like 'of course'. His literary reactions are trustworthy in the same way; he remarks somewhere, after listing the learned references that probably influenced Milton when composing a bit of verse, that these reflections of his own are 'inchoate lumber'. Where I seriously disagree with him comes out in a remark that Milton himself as well as his audience had lost interest in the theme of this epic by the time he wrote it (page 55). Surely it is more probable that Milton was defiantly convinced he was saying something important, as he claimed; and that he sometimes used his habitual 'lumber' of learned reference to give authority to bits of his story which would otherwise have got him torfured.

Not thinking of the rule of Charles II in this way, the serious intelligence of Mr. Broadbent finds that Milton does not provide an adequate religion for the modern world. 'We really are more sophisticated . . . so we look to ethics for

positive commands to self-fulfilment' (page 275); 'the personality consolidated in the poem is not easy to sympethize with, especially if you are bent on the construction of one for yourself' (page 287). This is impressive, especially as Milton had claimed to be able to feed any hungry sheep who looked up. I think that reading the poem becomes much more straightforward if one decides that there is no solution to the problems about Christianity which the poet faced with so much determination. Then one can feel he is brave and genuine, and that the poem is a permanent expression of one of the more important corners into which the human mind is always liable to drive itself.

WILLIAM EMPSON

One Year's Reading for Fun (1942) By Bernard Berenson. Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.

Hardly 'for fun': these are notes on serious reading made while B.B. was living in Italy as an enemy alien (with remarkably good access to new books as well as old ones) and made to keep himself 'from thinking too much of the war and all its consequences'. They are straightforward reflections, occasionally profound, and often interesting, and will bring back to many the pleasures of memory and suggest to everyone books they would like to have read. The many aficionados of the author will find fragments of autobiographical recollection which are valuable. The two authors re-read more or less completely throughout the whole year were Plato and Pater, but B.B. was so much a man of his own age that The Laws of Plato seem to have been left out. Most fascinating and pregnant is what he says after re-reading Pater's entire work-'It stands the test (misprinted 'past'), and seems as valuable as ever for its suggestiveness, its stimulus, its specific quality of quiet, restful intellectuality'. It is odd that a war should have provoked this best assessment of Pater's supreme virtue. For the benefit of those who are hardly likely to read the book (and sometimes, it must be admitted, for those who are), notes on authors in the 'Digest' manner have been added by an American editorial hand, which provide an odd contrast to the text. The note on General Gordon (page 141) will perhaps amuse, and the English publishers might note with embarrassment an error of spelling and another of fact on page 31, which will beguile historians of art. ELLIS WATERHOUSE

Mozart. By Charlotte Haldane. Oxford. 18s.

For the music-lover who is interested in character rather than in technicalities, this well-produced biography offers remarkably good value. Mrs. Haldane keeps the story moving well by intelligent selection from the mass of material available. By writing with a nice sense of irony and by her fresh approach to the familiar, she justifies this addition to the corpus of Mozart literature. She has also read widely enough to include the results of some recent research. Her deep feeling for the pathos of Mozart's life does not blind her to his faults and weaknesses. In the detailed account of the composer's childhood and youth, she puts Leopold Mozart well into the picture, and describes the inevitable clash of temperaments and ideals very fairly. The account of Mozart's rebellion against episcopal authority and of his

ruggle for security and independence is made l the more readable by being realistic and stirely free from false sentiment.

Considering how unworldly Mozart was in as dealings with women (for which the evidence re-examined with perceptive frankness), it ems fairly clear that he might easily have ad a much worse wife than Constanze. Whater Constanze's defects, Mrs. Haldane is surely ght in seeing her as a great comfort in the

last hectic years of Mozart's life, especially during the period of the last four great operas. She gives the circumstances of their composition in some detail because she regards each as marking a profound extension of Mozart's genius.

While in general one cannot disagree with Mrs. Haldane's treatment of the facts, some of her conjectures are rather questionable. 'It would be surprising', she writes apropos of Mozart's mingled grief and relief at his father's

death, 'if these feelings had not found some outlet in the grandiose and menacing statue music in *Don Giovanni*'. And of the Cignaroli portrait she remarks that the composer is 'looking towards his audience with a blend of modesty and self-confidence, an expression typical of him throughout his life'. But this is hardly supported by other portraits. Points like these do not, however, lessen the attractive qualities of the book as a whole.

A. HYATT KING

New Novels

The Lost Europeans. By Emanuel Litvinoff. Heineman. 18s.

Madame Maigret's Friend. By Georges Simenon. Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.

The Van Dreisen Affair. By Holly Roth. Hamish Hamilton. 15s.

The Hooded Falcon. By Prudence Andrew. Hutchinson. 16s.

The Progress of a Crime. By Julian Symons. Collins. 12s. 6d.

stumbled upon the following passage. It might ell serve as the text of the five novels under view. The passage occurs in Book III, Chapter, where the great man is discussing what he scribes as 'Fresh Specimens of Inference'. It is as follows:

A friend of our youth may be called on here to supply us with an instance. I sail round land, and reconstruct my course by a synthetic pro-cess, and the whole shore that I combine is then interpreted as belonging to an island. A-B, B-C, C-D, D-F, F-H become, when united F< and from this circular frontage I go to the name and to the other qualities possessed by these islands. I may be told in reply that the name and the qualities, if indeed there are such, do not come directly from the construction itself, but are got by a further and additional premise that does not appear. And this, I admit, is true altogether of the name, and true in part of the other qualities. But it still leaves something that comes from the construction and which comes directly. The circular shape and self-contained singleness are more than the mere interrelation of the premises, and need not be got from previous knowledge of islands. You do not go outside the construction to get them, the whole would not be itself without them; and yet they are another side of that whole, which is distinct from the putting together of the parts. But, if so, surely you have reasoned to a quality.

ghtly read, this is the tersest and most powersermon on the novel of suspense that has er been written. It applies to all five of these oks—even Miss Andrew's tale of medieval elshry. Each is well capable of being cussed in terms of frontage, circular shape d singleness, construction and interrelated

Mr. Litvinoff's frontage is the most exotic of five. His scene is the lush neon-lit Kurstendamm in contemporary Berlin. Having t visited that city, I can only confirm that r impressions tally in the main, though I spect that, in the interests of melodrama (for book is, in fact, melodrama of a high-class ler) Mr. Litvinoff has rather over-played his bience. On the other hand, Berlin is the real to of the book. Martin, his hero en titre, is le more than an ideological stick, a mixture retrospective Proustian self-pity and priggish roding. Yet Martin's love affair with Karin,

the girl from East Berlin, is excellently rendered. There is such an absence of amatory tenderness in the contemporary novel that one is always gratefully surprised when one encounters it. Mr. Litvinoff has it, along with a great many other qualities, abundantly. His book is a Berliner Ensemble thriller, appropriately set in the crimes and miseries of the immediate past. It is a haunting theme, and if it does not haunt as much as it should, this is largely because Mr. Litvinoff is inclined to over-write, His prose-the Bradleian interrelated premises of his paragraphs—is not his strongest point. There is a very well envisaged character called Hugo Kranz, and one is led to suspect that his predicament-sexually, racially, and deterministically he is a symbol of West Berlin itself -is what chiefly interests his creator. Why then, with all the intelligence that the writer has put into his novel, should we have sentences such as 'Fear groped in Hugo's body like a dull spasm of pain'? Mr. Litvinoff is one of those rare writers for whom a stern diet of Swift and Euclid can be recommended.

What more is there to say about Simenon? He is the Infant, by now the Avuncular, Phenomenon of the Criminal Novel and the critics have long agreed unanimously that all his geese are swans. This latest addition to the canon is again set in Maigret's Paris; once again in the Prefecture telephones are in full blast and the Chief Inspector is puffing his shag and giving himself furiously to think. (He is also picking up quite a few bocks and assorted apéritifs in the Marais; I had never, until reading this instalment of his adventures, quite realized what a tippler in the line of duty the assiduous Maigret had become.) Personally, I find Simenon's plots—his Maigret plots especially-increasingly tiresome and obtuse. His villains and villainesses occlude us: a thick mushroom-coloured haze curtains their behaviour. The frontage is always first-rate, the premises are inimitable—it is only the circular shape that so often seems to be missing.

'For a fraction of a second the door of Compton's inner mind developed a crack of an opening', writes Miss Roth quite early on in her new international spy tale. What Compton's inner mind clicks out is a tag from Emerson (he is very much that sort of man): 'God offers every mind its choice between truth and repose.

Take which you please'. I hope that Miss Roth's account of the U.S. internal security system is nothing like the whole truth: her novel is certainly anything but reposeful. It opens admirably in Geneva, becomes hair-raising in Washington, and then suddenly and quite unexpectedly sadly trails away. Miss Roth should limit her frontage and eschew the grandiose.

Mr. Symons's frontage is ample and wellsupported. It seems pertinent at this point to remark how much the writer of really good thrillers stands in need of content. A relatively unfurnished mind is quite capable of constructing a passable novel of the ordinary type, but it takes a good deal of mental kitchen stock to serve up a novel of suspense. (The surprising thing that Mrs. Christie, Miss Allingham, and the late Dorothy Sayers all have in common is the vast amount they all know.) Mr. Symonsand here he is like Mr. Litvinoff and unlike Miss Roth-knows a great deal about the world he inhabits. He knows the North Country, he knows about newspapers and the men who work on them, he knows about the workings of the police mind, he knows about teddy-boys and he knows about violence. He also knows how to tell a gruesome and plain tale effectively. The Progress of a Crime is by no means his best novel, but, like all his books, it is a highly capable and intelligent piece of narration.

I have long admired the determined stand that the House of Hutchinson has made for their New Authors Limited, and only regretted that so few of the new authors were of great interest. Miss Andrew's book is the first historical novel that the enterprise has published. It is an eminently readable, and, I imagine, a conscientiously documented study of Welsh Border life just after the defeat of Owen Glendower's rebellion (circa 1405). Miss Andrew writes with a kind of cold vividness perfectly suited to the period she is describing. (Virginia Woolf's famous essay on Chaucer and the Paston Letters is the quintessence of the kind of prose I would indicate.) Miss Andrew knows her border squires and she also knows her Lollards. She knows how rushlights attract insects. Her book is to be strongly recommended to any reader of a historical imagination.

JOHN RAYMOND

Miss Elizabeth Tennings takes over from Mr. Raymond on August 18.

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

Television Broadcasting

DOCUMENTARY

Old Skills?

Is TELEVISION a new art form or merely a new means of disseminating existing art forms? Until even two or three years ago I think I should have aligned myself with the enthusiasts who believed that it offered an entirely new way of communicating ideas and demanded entirely new techniques from its writers and producers.

Now I am less sure. Documentary television, any rate, seems to rely increasingly on the film and the recording for some of its best effects. The skills required here are the old skills of the cinema, and the television element is frequently confined to the electronics of transmission. This is not necessarily a retrograde step or an admission of failure. It may be a realistic, if reluctant, reappraisal of the medium's potentialities. Certainly all except one of last week's most worth-while pro-

grammes were films.

Probably the most competent of them was Edward R. Murrow's report on post-war Berlin and its future ('Berlin: End of the Line', July 25), but its very competence to some extent lessened its impact. Slickness, rightly or wrongly, evokes distrust, and Murrow's famous Time-like delivery, making the most ordinary statement sound momentous, tended to defeat its objectivity.

The reconstruction of recent history by means of newsreel film judiciously chosen always makes enjoyable, and sometimes arresting, viewing, but every example of it leaves one with the uneasy feeling that a quite different interpretation of the facts could be equally cogently supported by a slightly different use of the same films. Murrow's programme, in sequences such as those contrasting life in east and west Berlin, did not always dispel such unease.

The series 'The Artist Speaks' is filmed, and the third part, on the work and theories of Reg Butler the sculptor

(July 25), was an attempt to do more than just photograph Butler at work and to show us the fruits of his inspiration and labours. For me,

much of the effort was unavailing. There were too many tricksy shots and a straining after dramatic light-and-shade contrasts that took me back to youthful days in a film studio, when such achievements were all we cared about. If television is to adapt film successfully to its special needs it must start where the film-makers are now, not where they were a quarter of a

And what, in heaven's name, was the point of the banshee wailings that accompanied our visual tour of inspection of Butler's creations? This was background music gone mad, unfair to us and to Butler, for sometimes it sounded like derisive comment on what our screens were showing us.

Christopher Mayhew's new series ('Crime', July 26), most of it filmed, promises well, but I hope there will not be too many statistics. Even when elaborately presented (three rows of prisoners marching into a courtyard to denote the increase in certain crime over the past twenty



'Point of Return': Nigel Davenport as Richard Murray and Jane Hylton as his wife Helen

years) they are not always as meaningful as their compilers may imagine. Incidentally, Mr. May-hew and his producer, Derek Holroyde, got powerful confirmation of the

soundness of their theme and timing the day after their programme went out, when the newspapers carried page-one stories of the growth in the

rate of crime in Britain.
Pictorially, Douglas Botting's film of his trip to Kano ('Travellers' Tales', July 27) was excellent, but his script and commentary were not of the same standard. Mr. Botting repeated himself several times and did not supply all the information we needed; and having heard him describe the ancient city as still one of Africa's important trading centres, it was puzzling that we saw of the actual market only a few old men selling pots. Mr. Botting also, to my mind, over-painted his picture of medievalism by omitting to show, or mention, the more



cell in Leeds gaol, in the first programme of the series on 'Crime'

modern features of the Emir's life, such as the sky-blue old Armstrong-Siddeley in which I once saw the present Emir's father drive out of the city, the large umbrella, symbol of royalty, sticking up through the sunshine-roof.

The chief studio-produced item of the week was the John Prebble-Gilchrist Calder piece, 'Point of Return' (July 28), a study in dramatic form of business man's struggle to re-establish himself after a three-months spell in a mental hospital, where he had gone following a nervous breakdown. It was slow to start, with too-long explanatory duologues, but once Prebble had set the scene satisfactorily the pace improved. The set-piece was a repetition of the breakdown in the man's office, where he was staying late to try to catch up with work he was unfitted, in his still-sick condition, to tackle. Nigel Davenport made the experience alarmingly convincing.

This was not such an effective example of the genre as the same team's 'Body Found', but it was especially welcome in a period when films have predominated.

PETER POUND

DRAMA

For the Children

I MYSELF BELIEVE that the proposals for evening programmes contained in the report Children and Television Programmes are altogether too arbitrary. Mr. Justice Stable in his judgment on obscenity reminded us that literature was not to be measured by what is suitable for the fourteenyear-old schoolgirl to read. Is it now suggested that television requires more rigid standards than this? Furthermore, if all television up to the magic hour of nine o'clock is to become a children's playground, what is the point of the specialized children's programmes themselves?

However, the report did start me on some fairly solid children's television watching. My principal reaction is one of surprise at the narrow social group filling the planner's mind: middle-class, middle-income-cushioned children, practising hobbies, owning pets, reasonably up in the children's classics, and, above all, not dreaming of sharing the same interests with their



A photographer in Brussels who uses the nearby fountain in processing his prints: from Johnny Morris's new series, 'Ticket to Turkey', on July 27

parents. If, as a result of this approach, prorammes—while good—tend to be dead, it is o regiment, is missing, since it is taken for tranted that such scions must be segregated from ts contaminating influences for as long as

None too soon the serialization of The Advenartes of Tom Sawyer (Sundays) to a certain extent repairs the deficiency. Tom is Natural Boy, a rebel with a hundred causes, whom ociety's artificiality cannot stifle. Dramatization, pecause it is of an accepted classic, has the merit for once of bridging the gap between a ocially respectable audience and the tearaways whom Tom's rebelliousness must strike a ote (at last) of sanity.

The first episodes have admirably translated the literary qualities into firmly realistic terms nd, through the dimensional extension of the ameras, the open-air spaciousness that marks very page of the book becomes an integral part the production. Admittedly the river we saw the opening sequences was an absurd stand-for the great Mississippi, but the hookey athing scenes—with the boys, praise be to

am informed, masochism is a pet vice of the English, nothing could more lead astray than these programmes with their King Charles's head, if I may so put it, of bottoms and beatings. Still, much might be forgiven if the results were funny. School humour, I know, is not of the subtlest, but is one showing one's age in thinking that Will Hay flogged more spirit out of this target twenty years ago?

Most appropriate presentation of the week for the New Look would have been M. Barrie's The Professor's Love Story (July 30). Its puerility, all allowances for the variability of Barrie's talent being

made, is still astounding.

The theme is slight enough to cause a gasp when you see the dramatist start out in so frail a craft—an elderly Scots professor afflicted with an illness his doctor suspects is love for a new secretary. You end overwhelmed with admiration at the

sheer theatrical audacity which has ensured a safe crossing. Meanwhile, holes have been mercilessly plugged with archness, whimsy by the keg has been ladled on the troubled waters,

and the sails have been so patched with sentiment that they wouldn't have held another tear. William Archer called the play 'a calculated disloyalty to art'. In fact, I'd say it was a calculated disloyalty to everything and everyone except Sir James Barrie.
Bearing in mind the

odds against success, the cast deserve every congratulation for the style and pace of their playing. Mr. Paul Daneman's Professor, after a fidgety start, gave a smooth display of rejuvenation at the hands of Miss Lana Morris's mischievous secretary who also coped quite as effectively with the be-witchingly dangerous young Dowager Lady Gilding of Miss Diane Hart.

Less pretentious and far more honest was My

Flesh, My Blood (July 24). The playwright's rose-coloured spectacles weren't quite absent, but Mr. Bill Naughton's characters, including the



na Morris as Lucy White and Paul Daneman as Professor Goodwillie in The Professor's Love Story

over-romanticised 'heavy' father, had an amplitude of existence and a relationship to one another that sprang a real, if uncommon, world into our laps.

ANTHONY COOKMAN, INR.

Sound Broadcasting

DRAMA

Brutus Revived

THE RADIO PRODUCTION of Lucius Junius Brutus: Father of His Country (Third Programme, July 27) was the first revival of a play banned by the Lord Chamberlain after a week's run because it allegedly contained 'very scandalous expressions and reflections on the government'. The censor must have imagined that Nathaniel Lee cunningly intended to draw comparisons between Charles II and the tyrannical and ravishing Tarquins. But if Lee had been a subversive fellow he would have written a play with much more political point and would certainly have avoided minor tactlessnesses. For example, he would have called his anti-royalist Romans 'republicans' not 'commonwealth men' and he would have played down the counter-revolutionary activities of the Fecial priests. However, censors are like that, and this one has kept down a good theatrical entertainment for too long. Nathaniel Lee has been unlucky even with historians of the theatre. It is easier to remember the line:

'O Sophonisba, Sophonisba, Oh!' than to recall good work in a time of dearth or even collaborations with Dryden.

Raymond Raikes produced the play so that one was aware of its visual potentialities. This could sound like a backhanded compliment but is not so intended. Stage plays should be stagey, and a radio producer who wants to give new life to an ancient text must either revise it out of recognition for the newer medium or get the stageyness across. There are plenty of effective moments and coups de théâtre in Lucius Junius Brutus, and the broadcast left vivid colour in the mind.

Donald Wolfit as Brutus
began with the 'visor of madness as a disguise and shifted from Thersites-like railing at the world at large to his lucid denunciation of tyranny with excellent timing. The orations



Aike Strotheide (left) as Huckleberry Finn and Fred Smith as Tom in The Adventures of Tom Sawyer

irectoral common sense, actually naked as they ould have been in life then or now-was redont of sweetly stolen leisure. A bustling sense movement filled the back-

round, adding to the truth of provincial scene.

Master Fred Smith's Tom the right blend of pugnacity d shyness, though his inviduality would be richer if showed more signs of the spectability he was breaking way from. As it is he starts a ttle too close to Huck (nicely rawled by Master Mike trotheide) for either to benequite sufficiently from the ntrast. Miss Betty Hardy's unt Polly is just as I had ways imagined the old girl. I have no doubt that huck-O! repeats of which ve failed to enliven my evenpassed as fit light enterinment for all age-groups.

n the other hand, if, as I



Whack-O!: 'Professor' Jimmy Edwards takes some of his pupils to the Tate Galler?

and tirades of Brutus throughout the play are both eloquent in themselves and well set in the plot framework. The Roman mob is a good crowd, properly fond of prodigies and sentimentally responsive, and Vinditius, the peoples' tribune, is a convincing agitator and politician. Indeed John Slater was able to make this part into a person while many of the senators and conspirators remained anonymously hampered by their togas and dignity of speech.

Scenes that stay sharply in memory are

the oath-taking demanded by Lucrece (Diana Olsson), and the procession with her body of her kinsmen. The conspirators in the garden, being bound by drinking goblets of blood offered by priests who have made human sacrifice of commonwealth bodies, boasted and were afraid impressively. This scene, ending in a general unmasking, must have extraordinary

tension in the theatre.

Strangely enough the central personal theme of the play seemed to me to make little emotional impact. It is difficult to accept that Titus (David Peel), the beloved son of the patriot Brutus, should obey his father and leave his wife on their wedding night. Having accepted that, it is even harder to believe that he would join even momentarily in conspiracy against the state and his father. But the final scenes in which the father in monstrous heroism condemns his sons to death were rather wonderful. It was strange to find that after one had rejected the situation as psychologically false, the smooth movement of the argument between Titus and Brutus and the rhetoric of the appeals made by the women still had power to move. Judi Dench was good in the awkward part of Teraminta. And the music, based on Purcell's music for another play by Lee, struck me as exceptionally satisfactory, giving an extra dignity to the play. It may hardly qualify to be called tragedy, but at the worst it was great melodrama, and it must certainly be noted as an outstanding demonstra-tion of the invariable wrongness of censors.

The clash between private or professional morality and necessity of state has made a theme for countless plays, communist, anti-communist, anarchist and just plain sentimental. The Middle of the Operation by J. Lutwoski (Home Service) July 25) had us worrying whether a surgeon who had once fought against communists should be allowed to operate or prevented from operating on an important communist. We ran through all possible variations of both sides of the argument in an interesting fashion but without reaching any conclusion. And then at the end of it all we were suddenly told that the surgeon, who had apparently resigned and retired, was in fact getting on with the operation already. It seemed a silly anti-climax for the play, particularly since we never learned whether the patient recovered or died. But there

may be dialectical meanings hidden from me.
In contrast, The Battle of Pinklesea Hoe
(Home, July 30) only really cheered up at the end. It was a harmless comedy of struggle at the seaside between old-fashioned beauty and an amusements park and had one of those nice young couples in it who have to quarrel before falling in love. But everything was sadly strained until a comic admiral finally won his battle by the surprising device of admitting his own illegitimacy. It is rare indeed that comic sur-prises are as genuinely surprising as this one.

FREDERICK LAWS

THE SPOKEN WORD

Is Imagination Lacking? WATCHING BROADCASTING, as I do, from the critic's helicopter, I am sometimes given a general view of the landscape; and one trend I have noticed, with regret, is the lack of imaginative 'feature' programmes. We have had a good number of radio montages, scrapbooks and documentaries (and some highly distinguished ones among them); but only twice this year have I heard the creative work that might be described as pure radio: the original script, unadapted, untranslated, that was born of imagination and belonged, exclusively, to sound broadcasting. One of these features was on the Third Programme, the other on the Home Service, and both were vivid, poetic, and, I thought, extremely successful. It seems a great pity that we are not given more such adventure. ous programmes. Two of the tasks of the B.B.C are, after all, to encourage original writing and to raise the level of public taste. Adapting from literature, translating, and conceding to popularity are not the best means of fulfilling them.

These remarks are suggested by 'The Baker's Daughter', Mr. Terence Tiller's excursion into literature and mythology (Third Programme, July 26). Not that Mr. Tiller conceded to popularity: his script should have earned him a doctorate, honoris causa. It was an exhaustive footnote to a phrase of Ophelia's in Hamlet, Act IV, Scene V. But did this remarkable scholarship justify an hour-long feature? Wouldn't the thesis have been more attractive compressed into half-an-hour's talk. I admired Mr. Tiller's widespread research, I swallowed the whole card-index, and I wondered if it was made for radio. Literary detection could give us some fascinating features, but this particular programme was too complicated. It was creative scholarship, not a creative broadcast.

While I feel bound, this week, to lament the lack of purely creative writing, I must record my belated gratitude for the Royal Society talks on the Third Programme. The B.B.C. does rise to occasions, and it has celebrated the tercentenary on a suitably noble scale. Professor Harris's talk on 'Brain and Body' (July 27) ended the series with some fascinating speculations.

As for the first instalment of 'Travels with a

Pony and Trap' (Home Service, July 24), it took us about as far as could be from the splendours of Burlington House. In an urbanized age, it is always refreshing to have a breath of fresh air and to hear about people who fend for them-selves; and Mr. Seymour's talk had an Arthur Ransome appeal. I spent a pleasant fifteen minutes jogging through Kent in his governesscart behind Pinto the pony, and cooking chops

and onions over the fire.

This week has neatly covered the whole gamut of talks, for it also brought us 'Last Week in Babylon, Last Night in Rome . . . ' (Home Service, July 27). We eavesdropped on three 'professional projectiles', three special correspondents who chatted eagerly about their scopes. and universal travels, Sometimes I felt Miss Sharpley was excessively blasée: I disliked her reminiscences of 'that brilliant little war conducted by the Israelis', and I particularly disliked her attitude to the Israeli children blown up by a landmine: 'There was a hole in the road, blood around it, and my story was just in my head: it really was infuriating'. Yes, maddening that the road was up and one couldn't get back to cable the copy. But if Miss Sharpley alienated one at least of her listeners, Mr. Cutforth and Mr. Cameron gave us some vivid stories and some decidedly sober reflections: it is all too true that journalists are so often obsessed with gimmics that they do not pause to consider and reflect. 'We are just in the entertainment business', said Mr. Cameron, ruefully; and he spoke, one felt, an unpalatable truth. But journalists can still entertain, and Wednesday's discussion remained urgent, lively,

and, on the whole, good listening.

Since one can hardly mention talks without mentioning Mr. Freeman, this brings me to his latest sitter (or do I mean clay pigeon?). In

'Frankly Speaking' (Home Service, July 24) Stanley Holloway chatted on for forty-five minutes about his ten-bob-a-week job at a blacking factory, his appearance on Walton Pier in 1910 with Will C. Pepper's White Coons, his Milanese singing lessons 'with a pear-shaped maestro with a beard'. He told us why he, a Londoner from Forest Gate, chose to take a North Country accepts he described the new line. North Country accent; he described the premier of 'Albert and the Lion'; and I, who revel in all his performances, was distinctly disappointed The gusto which drives Mr. Holloway when he is on the stage was entirely lacking in the studio One had the sad impression of someone forcing himself to be energetic and genial. I thought that the combination of Freeman and Holloway would be pure delight; as it was, I felt half an hour would have been enough.

JOANNA RICHARDSON

MUSIC

At the 'Proms' HEARING SIR EUGENE GOOSSENS con-

duct Stravinsky's The Rite of Spring at a Promenade Concert last week (Third Programme, July 28) reminded me vividly of a certain June evening at the old Queen's Hall almost forty years ago when the same conductor gave the first concert performance in England of this extraordinary work which had already made musical history. For it had provoked a riot eight years previously at its now legendary première in Paris on May 29 1913, when the ballet was danced for the firs time by Nijinsky and other members of Diaghi lev's famous company. On the Queen's Hall occasion it was received with almost hysterical enthusiasm, and its reception by the 'Prom' audience at the Albert Hall the other night

was scarcely less enthusiastic. The Sacre, in fact, has now become a classic In the nineteen-twenties, however, there were still differences of opinion among the critics the comment I like best of all came from Bernard Shaw who remarked to Fox Strangways, then of *The Observer*: 'Mind you, I am not to be understood as condemning it, but i it had been by Rossini people would have said that there was too much "rum-tum" in it One can see exactly what Shaw meant—I don'think he was merely trying to be witty; nevertheless the *Rite* has stood up to the changing winds of fashion and the passage of time and preserved its extraordinary strength and vitality as well as any other major twentieth-century piece of music one can think of. And the performance Sir Eugene gave of it was no les stimulating and exciting than it used to be wher the work was still a novelty. The secret of his success with it seems to be that while preserving all the elemental violence and rhythmic intensity of the music, he never allows it to become incoherent; every detail is in its place, every effect nicely calculated and controlled. His interpretation is, in fact, satisfying because it neve loses sight of the importance of the forma element in this extraordinary score, which Stravinsky himself described as being 'both architectonic and anecdotal'.

No small part of the success of last Thurs day's performance was due to the brilliant playing of the London Symphony Orchestra, whos members also distinguished themselves in Debussy's La Mer, another of Sir Eugene's favourite pieces. Although most of the orchestration was done at Eastbourne, one does no somehow associate this music explicitly with the English Channel; and indeed, although part of it was composed in Jersey where, Debussy tells us, 'the sea was kind' and showed him 'all her moods', the idea first came to him when he was staying in a small land-locked village in Burgundy. Moreover, as if to make it clear that he did not intend to write a purely descriptive piece, Debussy remarked to a friend: 'I have an endless store of memories which, in my opinion, are worth more than reality, whose beauty deadens thought'. La Mer is, in fact, solidly constructed on symphonic lines, and is the only instance in the composers' entire œuvre of a style of writing which in its comparative opulence recalls the 'Romantic' idiom of the nineteenth century.

The earlier Nocturnes, from which Norman Del Mar conducted a lively performance of Fêtes at another Promenade Concert (Third, July 29), have always seemed to me to be more truly characteristic of Debussy, who was by

temperament more of an etcher than a painter

Bracketed with Fêtes in the second part of this 'Prom' programme was Roberto Gerhard's Violin Concerto, receiving its first performance at a Promenade Concert. The Concerto dates from 1945 when the composer was not yet committed to serialism, but is none the worse for that. It was played with delicacy but not quite enough strength by Yfrah Neaman; the solo part is not always particularly grateful and the violinist has a lot to contend with, as the orchestra's part in this work is at least as important as the soloist's. But the musical ideas are nearly always interesting and sometimes arresting, and the orchestration full of colour:

the scoring of the last movement, in which the xylophone is prominent, is particularly brilliant. Judging by the applause, the audience evidently found the concerto to their liking.

I would like in conclusion to say a word in praise of the finely executed performance of the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto No. 1 given by the Portuguese pianist Varella Cid in the Promenade Concert of July 28 (Third). He was replacing at very short notice Abbey Simon who was prevented from playing by indisposition. Varella Cid's reading seemed both technically accomplished and essentially musical, and the concerto gained by not being treated exclusively as a virtuoso piece.

ROLLO H. MYERS

Wagner, Schönberg, and Freud

By WILFRID MELLERS

'Erwartung' will be broadcast at 10.10 p.m. on Thursday, August 11 (Third)

WHATEVER SCHÖNBERG'S stature may ultimately be, it is no longer possible to doubt his crucial position in European history. He is the heir to Wagner, who was the heir to Beethoven, who inherited the tradition of the classical sonata. Now whereas fugue and aria-variation had expressed a fundamental oneness between subject and object, the sonata principle grew from a dualism be-tween the Self and the World. By the time of Beethoven's middle-period symphonies this tension had become so acute that it had to be resolved if breakdown-both within the mind and in the world without-were to be prevented. Of the two possible resolutions, one was that of Beethoven himself: who in renouncing the World discovers a new humility, involving a fusion of the sonata principle with its apparent opposite—the unity of fugue and of aria-variation. He creates, in his last piano sonatas and quartets, a new kind of religious art wherein we may understand, with Kant, how we may 'live in an invisible church', since 'God's kingdom

The alternative resolution was that of Wagner: who came to deify the ego itself in its most fundamental impulse, that of sex. Whereas Beethoven, in his Opus 111, appeased the anguish of sonata conflict in the oneness of fugue and the continuity of aria-variation, Wagner, in Tristan, starts from the only reality known to him: the surge of harmonic tensions which is his own erotic life. From them he derives a polyphonic-harmonic texture which becomes a cosmos. The traditional equilibrium between the inner', and the 'outer' life disappears. Tristan is a dramatization of the situation existing at the time in Wagner's own life; yet Mark and Isolde, as well as Tristan, are aspects of love-hate within Wagner himself. The drama is entirely sub-jective, taking place in the evolving orchestral fabric: which is unified by the dominance of a single psyche. Traditional (tonal) ideas of order and stability mean little in Tristan; but almost all the material is derived from various permuta-tions of the notorious 'Tristan chords' heard in the opening bars. These harmonically interlocking perfect and imperfect fourths are a consummate musical synonym for the simultaneous joy and anguish of the sexual act.

In deriving an entire cosmos from the har-monic passions of the self, *Tristan* expresses at once the triumph and the fallacy of humansm. Since Wagner's feelings are the universe, they can lead only to their extinction. This is why, in Wagner's mature work, life-instinct and death-instinct, love and guilt, passion and re-

nunciation, are inseparable; and is why Parsital is Tristan's imaginative complement, wherein the symbols of Sword and Chalice emphasize the sexual origin of the Grail legend. This being so, we can understand why one part of Wagner's legacy should be a search for oblivion: such as we find in the music of Delius, when the burden of the passionate heart seems too great to be borne, and the ego longs to lose itself in pentatonic arabesque, in the eternal non-humanity of sea or hills. But the interdependence of love and death in Wagner's last work also suggests how any composer, looking to the future from the heights or depths of the Wagnerian crisis, had to seek a renewal of the springs of life within the psyche itself. We can observe the beginnings of this in one of Schönberg's earliest works, Verklärte Nacht, wherein an erotic union is 'transfigured', in increasingly linear chromaticism, into a mystical act.

Closely related both to Tristan and to Verklärte Nacht is Schönberg's monodrama Erwartung, the text of which was written by Marie Pappenheim from the composer's own suggestions. The piece is an operatic work which makes explicit the implications of Tristan and The Ring in that there is only one character, within whose mind the action takes place. A woman is wandering 'through the blind mazes of this tangled wood'. She is possessed by a sexual passion of Tristanesque violence. Waiting to meet her lover in the wood, she seems at the same time to know that he will not come: that he has deserted her for a ghostly, white-armed other love (probably, psycho-

analytically speaking, his mother).

The climax comes when she stumbles on his murdered body. It is not clear who murdered him; she refers, confusedly, to the other woman and to an indeterminate 'they'. But it is unclear because, of course, the action has no real existence outside her mind. She enters the dark wood of the unconscious; and the first stages of wandering are a mingling of her memories and inchoate desires. Her discovery of the body is her recognition of loss, and complementarily of guilt and renunciation. From this point the unconscious takes over completely; text and music become hallucinatory. Yet the pattern established by Tristan and Verklärte Nacht is continued: for submission to the unconscious brings release from terror; and the piece ends with a 'transfigured' vision of her lover, wherein passion is fulfilled, hatred forgotten.

This fulfilment exists, of course, only in the music. The vocal line carries Wagnerian speechsong into realms of the most intense expressive ness, as it follows the vagaries of the half-

thinking, half-feeling mind. The orchestral texture—with its high degree of dissonance, its lack of traditional tonal organization, extraordinary polyphonic density and complexity —expresses the gradual disintegration of mind and senses. At the same time the resilience and power of the lines created out of apparent dislocation, the radiant luminosity of the orchestral fabric, convey a fundamental affirmation. Tenderness and strength are inextricable in the wonderful passage in the second scene when she thinks of her meeting with her lover in the walled garden; ineffably moving is the cry of longing she utters at the end when she imagines she sees her lover, and the sensory life of the orchestral texture dissolves away in contrary motion chromatics. It is difficult to know what to call this if it is not, as well as a moment of vision, an act of faith.

So although Schönberg's disintegration of tonality is in one sense a breakdown within the consciousness, it is also a step towards liberation and rebirth. It is not an accident that Schönberg was born and worked in the same city as Freud. He starts (like Wagner) from the primary human urge of sexuality; he faces up to a hiatus in the flow of creative vitality that man's dedication to Self has led him into; then he seeks a linear and polyphonic (and later serial) integration of the chromatically splintered fragments of mind and senses. It is not extrava-gant to say that there is a relationship between this search for integration and the Freudian reintegration of the dislocated facets of a personality; and both have affinities with what used

to be called religious experience.

This is not really surprising: for if name less horrors and fears exist below the level of consciousness, 'God's kingdom is within our-selves' also. So we find that in Schönberg's later, fully serial work the religious element inherent in his Jewish isolation becomes explicit. In the opera Moses und Aron, which occupies so central a place in his life's work, he associates himself (as did Freud) with Moses, the spirit's deliverer, as against Aron, the man of practical affairs. Complementarily, the Wagnerian resolution of his early works comes to terms, in later works, with the 'religious' resolution of late Beethoven. The String Trio is the same kind of music as Beethoven's last quartets. It does not enter Beethoven's paradise; just as Moses und Aron leaves incomplete its vision of regenerated man. But the integrity of Schö-berg's lifetime's search is truly heroic—from Erwartung's final cry of 'Ich suchte' to the tortured but not despairing polyphony of his last work: a De Profundis.

Velázquez and Picasso

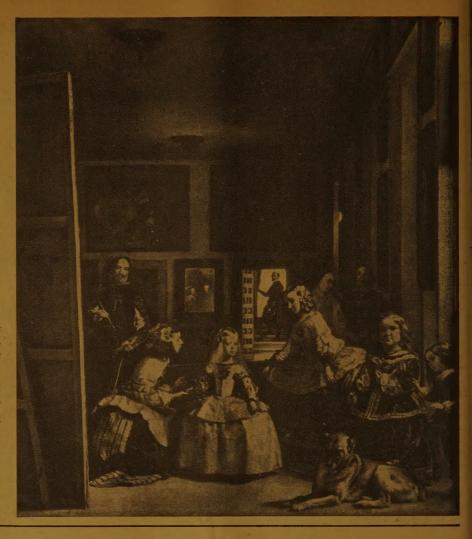
'Las Meninas'

In his recent broadcast on the current Picasso exhibition at the Tate Gallery (printed in The Listener, July 14) John Golding paid special attention to the remarkable series of explorations and commentaries on Velázquez's 'Las Meninas' painted by Picasso in 1957 and lent by him to the exhibition, where they are being seen by the public for only the second time.

The first painting in Picasso's series was reproduced to illustrate Mr. Golding's talk; here now is Velázquez's masterpiece. 'Las Meninas' ('The Maids in Waiting') depicts the artist himself before a large canvas. The king and queen are seen at the back, reflected in a small mirror. The Infanta Margarita and her attendants are in the foreground. Thus the picture is not only a celebration of the court of Philip IV, but also of Velázquez's own place there, an analysis of the problem of the relationship between the artist, the subject and the spectator, and between 'illusion' and 'reality', and, ultimately, a profound and haunting statement on the art of painting itself.

In the Prado it hangs in a small room by itself, with a mirror placed opposite, so that the spectator may not only study the picture, which has created, to quote Mr. Roland Penrose, 'a reflection of the reflection of the model itself', but may also experiment further with the intriguing optical problems it raises by putting himself 'into the picture'. It is perhaps these aspects of 'Las Meninas' as well as its technical and aesthetic qualities, which have so fascinated Picasso.

K. W. GRANSDEN



Bridge Forum

Inter-County Bidding Competition—Heat V

By HAROLD FRANKLIN and TERENCE REESE

THE FIFTH HEAT in the first round of the intercounty bidding competition was broadcast in Network Three on August 2. The contestants were Hampshire, represented by Mrs. H. R. Evans and Mr. G. K. Fenn-Smith, and Hertfordshire, represented by Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Durran.

The players began by answering five questions all relating to the following hand, held by West at game all:

are Quinter and			
AAQJ5	♥ A	♦ KJ 10 9 4	3 & J 8
SOUTH '	WEST	NORTH	EAST
(1) 1H	. 3		
(2) 1H	Dble	No	18
2H	5		
(3) 1H	Dble	No	1NT
No	3		
(4) 1H	Dble	No	No
No			
What shou	ld West lea	ıd?	
(5) 1H	Dble	2C	No
2NT	No	3NT	No
No	No		
What shou	ild West 1	lead?	

These were the answers adjudged best:

(1) Double. An obvious call in view of the general strength and excellent preparedness for spades.

- (2) Two Spades. All four competitors voted for the 'consolation' bid, Three Spades, and vigorously defended their choice. The judges maintained (a) that the hand might not play well in spades owing to the lack of entries to the opposite hand, and (b) that since West was making a free bid over South's Two Hearts he should be content with the lower bid on a hand difficult to estimate.
- (3) Two Diamonds. Before trying for game West wants to hear another bid from his partner. The only possible alternative is Three Diamonds.
- (4) Ace of hearts. When partner makes a penalty pass of a double at the range of One it must be assumed that he has a strong sequence of trumps, something like Q J 10 9 x. On such occasions it is good play to lead trumps with a view to preventing the declarer from making small trumps by ruffing. In addition, the lead of the ace of hearts will enable West to see the dummy before leading from one of his ten-ace combinations.
- (5) King of diamonds. Despite the traditional advice to lead the jack from K J 10, the king is better when there is no chance that partner holds the ace. If the queen happens to be single the suit is at once established for the defence.

Hampshire led by 13 points to 12 at the end of this part of the 'quiz', having lost ground on the last question. The players were then asked to bid the following hand, dealt by West at game to East-West:

WEST	EAST
♠ K 9	♠ A 7 3
VAKQ72	♥98
♦ A J 7	♦ 8 6
♣KJ4	AQ9863

Both pairs reached the grand slam, which in the final of the Gold Cup had been missed at two tables. For Hampshire, Mrs. Evans opened One Heart and the bidding went: One Heart—Two Clubs; Three Diamonds—Three Spades; Four No Trump—Five No Trump; Seven Clubs. This pair was using the Culbertson 4-5 No Trump convention. The Hertford-shire bidding was well balanced:

WEST	EAST
Mr. Durran .	Mrs. Durran
2H	3.C
AC	48
4NT	5H
5S.	7C

Hampshire thus won a contest of high standard by 23 points to 22.

PREPARING FOR A PICNIC

Now that so many families travel by car to their holiday destinations at least two picnic meals are likely to be required whatever the reather. Sandwiches and fruit are obvious fare,

ut here are some other suggestions.

(1) Veal, ham, egg, and vegetable mould. For is you will need:

A knuckle of veal

1 lb. of pie veal

2 thick rashers of bacon

1 lb. (approx.) of mixed fresh vegetables (tiny new potatoes, if available; carrots; peas, and broad beans)

1 tablespoon of gelatine

A sprig of mint or parsley Cook the knuckle of veal and the pie veal very ently till tender, seasoning well. Strain and eep stock. Chop up meat, and cook vegetables n stock, together with two thick rashers of acon cut into one-inch squares. Hard-boil the gg, and arrange a slice in the bottom of each eaker with a little of the jellied stock. Then fill ip with veal and all the other ingredients, and et overnight. (Take a lettuce and tomato salad, vashed, and put into a polythene bag or plastic ox, to serve with this

To make the jellied stock: strain liquid off regetables, meat, etc., and heat with a little mint r parsley. Use 1 tablespoon of gelatine to 1½ pints of veal stock. (If the weather is very hot, ise 1 tablespoon of gelatine to 1 pint of veal tock.) Dissolve gelatine in stock and strain.

(2) Prawn and egg patties: Make small, short-

pastry cases, or one large one, in a waxed carton. Bake blind. Fill with a white sauce in which is a mixture of 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs, one or two packets of frozen shrimps or prawns, a little chopped parsley, lemon juice, and seasoning to taste. This can also be used as filling for patties—rolling pastry thinly, cutting into rounds. Fill with prawn mixture and bake.

(3) Baked potatoes in their jackets: Put a slice

(3) Baked potatoes in their jackets: Put a slice of ham or cheese and butter in the slit tops of cooked, hot potatoes; rub with salt, and place in a heated, wide-necked thermos flask.

(4) Scotch eggs: Wrap half a hard-boiled egg in sausage meat (allow 2 oz. of sausage meat to each hard-boiled egg). Coat with beaten egg and crumbs. Deep-fry steadily and drain well.

(5) Asparagus fingers: wrap drained, tinned apparagus tins in this slices of gammon.

(5) Asparagus Ingers: wrap drained, inned asparagus tips in thin slices of gammon.

(6) Prawn mayonnaise: take 2 to 3 packets of frozen prawns, new vegetables, carrots, peas, beans, tomatoes, etc. Cook vegetables together, except tomatoes: chop these or cut into slices. Hard-boil 1 egg, then add all vegetables, mix with chopped hard-boiled egg and prawns. Take this on the picroic in a covered basin and serve this on the picnic in a covered basin and serve

on a bed of lettuce with mayonnaise.

(7) Mixed fruit jelly: fill a beaker two-thirds full with a mixed fresh-fruit jelly. Top with blancmange when jelly has set. Diced banana, apple, orange, raspberries, or cherries in a lemon or raspberry jelly, or strawberry jelly with pink blancmange, are good. Add a squeeze of fresh lemon juice to give a 'bite' to the jelly. Never use fresh pineapple in jelly-it can prevent it from setting.

As containers for sweet or savoury picnic iellies I find plastic mugs, or beakers, or ice-cream cartons useful. I make covers with polythene and secure them with rubber bands. These are easy to wash for the next picnic.

ANGELA MOULES

—Television 'Cookery Club'

Notes on Contributors

PETER WORSLEY (page 171): Lecturer in Social Studies, Hull University; author of The Trumpet Shall Sound
R. N. GOODERSON (page 174): Lecturer in Law, Cambridge University, and Tutor of

St. Catharine's College

WINTON THOMAS (page 179): Regius
Professor of Hebrew, Cambridge University; author of The Recovery of the Ancient

Hebrew Language, etc.
COLIN W. RICKARDS (page 181): Associate
Editor of the English Westerners' Society

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Image and Experience, etc.

F. H. C. CRICK, F.R.S. (page 188): Scientist at the Medical Research Council Unit for Molecular Biology, Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge

MICHAEL ABERCROMBIE, F.R.S. (page 190):
Professor of Embryology, London University; author (with C. J. Hickman and M. C. Johnson) of Dictionary of Biology WILFRID MELLERS (page 201): composer of the opera Christopher Marlowe, the cantata Yggdrasil, etc.; author of François Couperin and The Sonata Principle

Crossword No. 1,575.

Artful Dodgers.

By Egma

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: first post on Thursday, August 11. Entries should be on the printed diagram and envelopes ontaining them should be addressed to the Editor of The Listener, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, marked 'Crossword' in the left-hand top corner. In all matters connected with the crosswords the Editor's decision is final

The unclued lights consist of the shuffled names of eighteen resists. The unchecked letters may be rearranged to read:

YOU AND EGMA CONCLUDING CHOCOLATE BOX ART? AND HOW!

CLUES - ACROSS

Letter to the Athenians (3)
Call in Outer Mongolla (4)
Crude contest's over (3)
Prickly old Norse character (5)
I cast back Amazon's language (4)
Fish measure (5)

casure (5) artner in the afternoon (4) whom Hamlet said, 'Now might I do

(3)
the doctor it may conceal a medical error (4) adult in New York (3)
e of horrific and varying measure (4)
n in the North—the buffoon is cut short (3)
who makes an entry, yet engages in no

give knowledge of money in the eye of Aberdonian (7) erdonian (7) little woman—having more than one rib 41.

belifish love an endless river (6)
xpressed in careless language? (5)
lace for sheep, etc., to quote from Shake-

speare (4)
Norse gods and one Scottish knight (5)
Dollar returned by Joseph (4)
Hotel—but sounds like being at home (3)

Witty saying about nothing in court (4)
Witty saying about nothing in court (4)
Weasure about a pound a tree (3)
Fashion returns to this place (4)

DOWN

Shakespearian skeleton-part of the anatomy is

lacking (5)

Contradictory statement—truce involving Gunner activity

Appropriate Queen and ten (5)
Fasten thin strip round top of cupboard (5)
Wild sheep for entombment (less head!) (5)
Foolish, yet wild about one of our representatives (5)

10. Feet, long-short-longs (7)
11. Call in Scottish gypsyman, hitting more than one (5)
20. Jawbone fractured in bedlam (8)
23. God-like, I charm it secretly (8)
28. Lashes—a hundred on the flanks (5)
32. Canes broken, hence inflammations (5)
37. Doesn't notice poor singer about love (7)
39. Idealist deserted boter (7)
40. Rodent finds relish in sloth (6)
41. Two sailors and one unmanageable person (6)
42. It's such good manners getting quietly drunk at the beginning of the meal (4)
50. Thought I had running water in the provinces (4)
51. Wife almost snare to Milton (4)
52. Carelessly done knot (4)

Solution of No. 1,573



Quotation jumbled in the diagram:

Give, you gods,

Give to your boy, your Caesar,
The rattle of a globe to play withal,
This gewgaw world, and put him cheaply off.

Dryden, All For Love, II, i.

Dryden, All Syun-vail. 5.

Down: 2. Far-M. 3. gu-L(iberals)-y. 4. (s) un-vail. lo-we-ry. 6. lit-h(ousehold). 7. vu(lpine fan)gs. 8. fo 10. O-pie. 11. do-tag-e. 12. b(o)y-pa-th(e). 14. Herery. 6. right of two farses of ego). 16. w-h.-y(keham. 19. sit (two mngs. & hidden). 21. tat-E. 22. v. thermometer). & lit. 24. foc (rev. of of + E, & lit.). raw (two mngs.). 26. soc(ial). 28. cod (three mngs.).

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